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**Ye Old**  
**Log School**  
**House Tymes**  
**PIONEER Sketches.**  
*And S. Minard.*

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*Very truly yours,  
Jno. S. Mearns.*

Photo by R. F. Chamberlain.

“Lest we forget; lest we forget.”

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RECOLLECTIONS

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—: OF THE —:

# Log School House Period,

AND SKETCHES OF

## LIFE AND CUSTOMS

—: IN :—

### PIONEER DAYS.

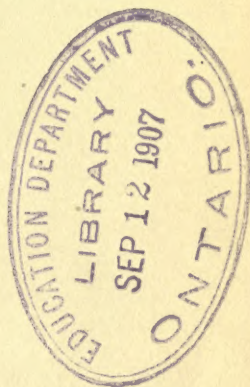
BY JNO. S. MINARD.

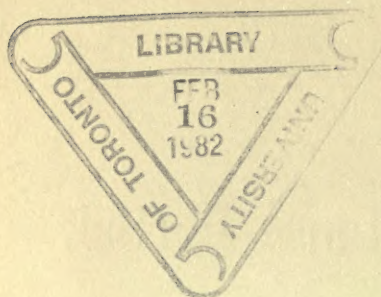
Illustrated by

R. J. TUCKER.

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Free Press Print,  
Cuba, N. Y.  
1905.





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"YE OLD LOG SCHOOL HOUSE TYMES"

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Affectionately Dedicated

to the memory of the

LOG SCHOOL HOUSE.

The Dear Old

ALMA MATER

of

PIONEER DAYS,

and its Alumni, who

FELLED OUR FORESTS,

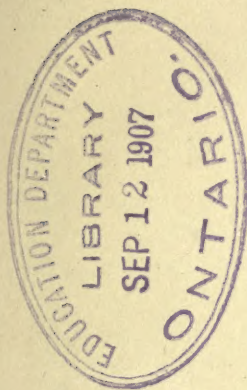
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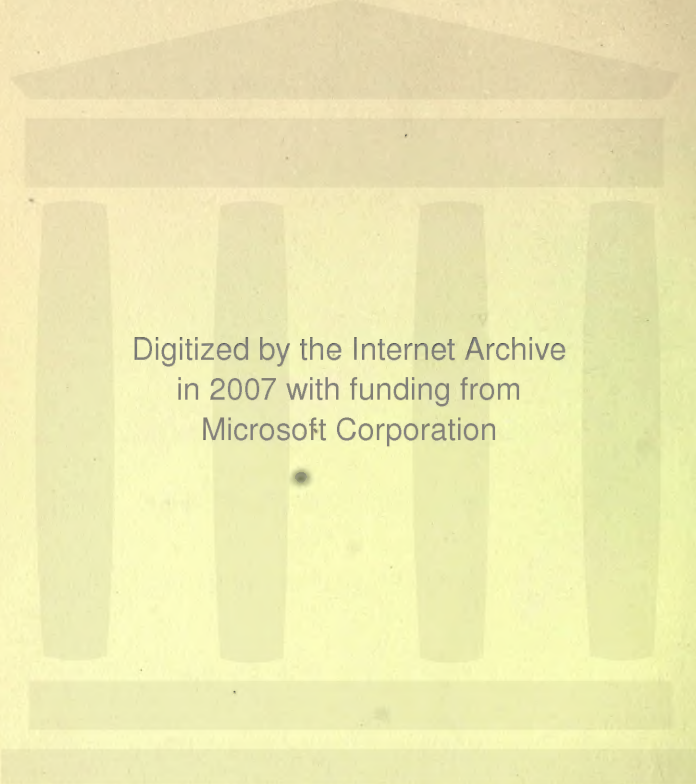
OPENED OUR ROADS

and

Filled With Credit, Every Public Position, From

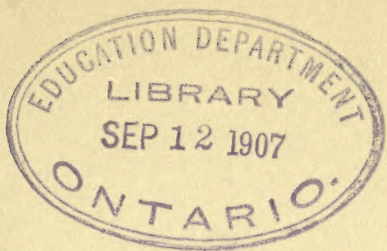
PATHMASTER TO PRESIDENT.





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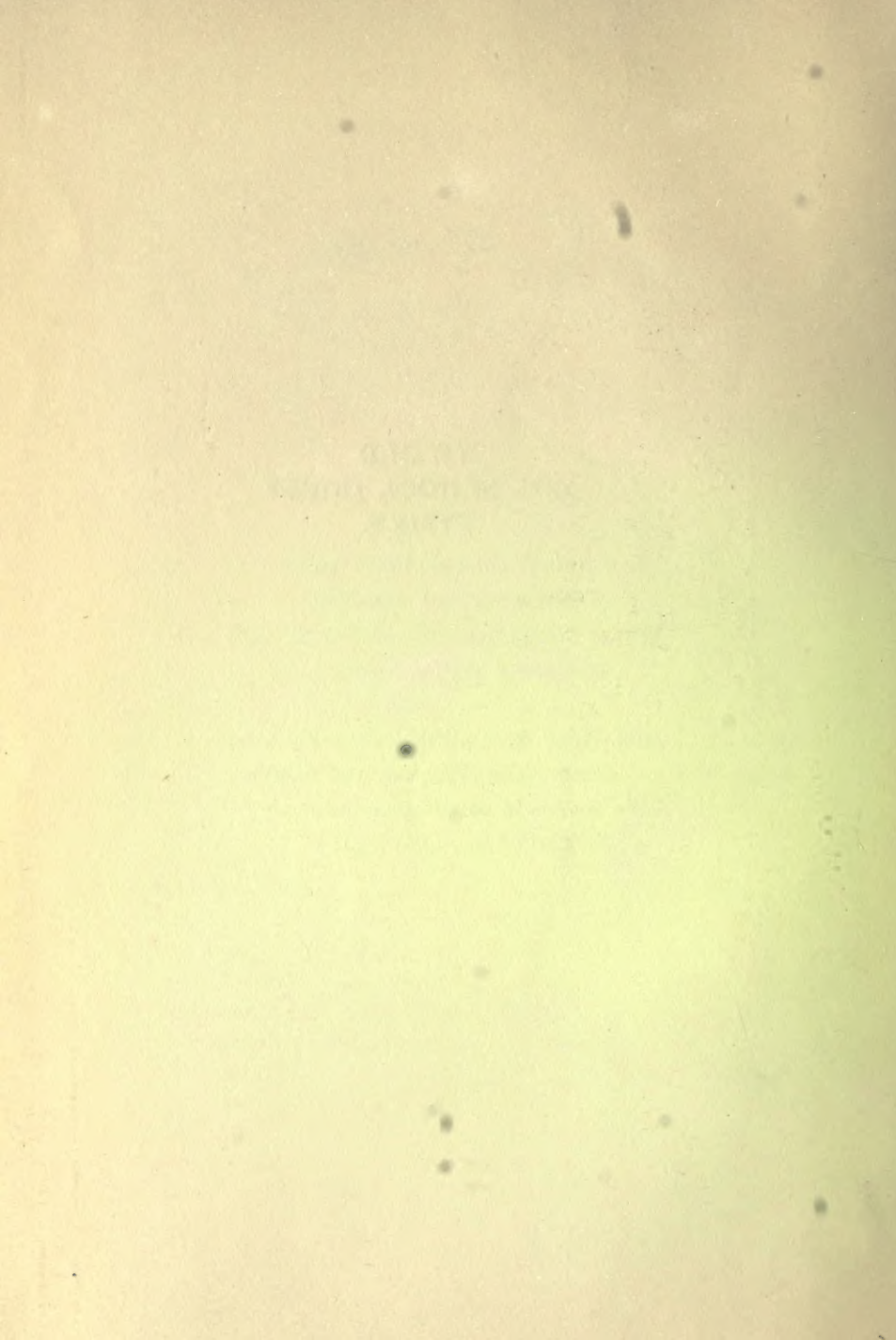


**YE OLD  
LOG SCHOOL HOUSE  
TYMES.**

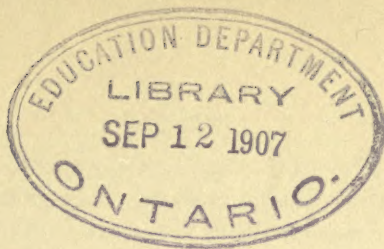
"O memory! thou midway world  
    'Twixt earth and paradise,  
Where things decayed and loved, once lost,  
    In dreamy shadows rise,

And, freed from all that's earthly vile,  
    Seem hallowed, pure and bright;  
Like scenes in some enchanted isle  
    All bathed in liquid light!"

—A. Lincoln.







## PREFACE.

So far as the author's observation extends, our bibliography presents no one book wherein the subjects which furnish the headings for the several chapters in this little volume, are treated.

Painfully aware of this fact, and of the hesitancy on the part of writers of known ability to attempt the work, he has devoted much of the time for the past year to the preparation of the matter, and in arranging for the proper illustrations of this book, in the hope that it may atone in some degree for this neglect.

He makes no claim to literary excellence, but in his own plain way has treated the various subjects in language which, he trusts may at least be understood, and flatters himself that in so doing, he has rescued from an early oblivion some of the customs, practices, implements and utensils, prevalent in pioneer days, and, incidentally forestalled the work of the archaeologist in exploring old attics, and explaining to future generations the uses and purposes to which the strange things therein found were devoted.

More than any one else possibly can, he regrets that he has been unable to bring to the work more ability, and a better style in composition: he hopes, however, that such lack will be considered by a charitable public, as fully compensated by the aptitude and ability displayed by Mr. R. J. Tucker, in the illustrations.

It is rare indeed to find one in whom such artistic ability and great fondness for the things which were peculiar to the olden times, are so happily united.

## PREFACE.

The author desires to express his grateful acknowledgments to the many kind friends, who by suggestion and otherwise, have been so great a help in the prosecution of the work.

To others, and from differing points of view, some things described and matters treated of in "Ye Old Log School House Tymes", may be subject to criticism: but it was the author's fortune, for the first five or six terms, to attend school in a log school house, which is faithfully pictured on the cover. It stood on the bank of Rush Creek; in district No. 8, Hume, Allegany County, N. Y., and within the limits of the Caneadea Indian Reservation.

That was his view point. In other localities some things might have been, and doubtless were, quite different.

Cuba, N. Y., Mar. 1905.

JNO. S. MINARD.





## INTRODUCTORY.

To the lasting credit of our pioneers, must be recorded the fact, that the first things to which their attention was turned and their energies directed after rearing their rude cabins and planting among the blackened stumps and logs their first crops, were schools and churches.

And so, of necessity and quite naturally, the log school house became an institution distinctly associated with, and peculiar to, the pioneer period. It was indeed the Alma Mater, from which graduated so many boys and girls, who went forth into the world with what most people of to-day would consider the merest apology for an education, but who, nevertheless, worthily filled the positions to which they were called, and honorably discharged the duties and responsibilities which devolved upon them in the great battle of life.

As a matter of sentiment therefore, with many of our older people, the old log school house is the center around which cluster many hallowed associations, the thought of which awakens many delightful recollections, and some of the dearest of pleasant memories.

And so, with no attempt at apology, this chapter, prefatory to the treatment of the log school house subjects, will be closed by quoting the following verses, used by the late Judge A. J. Abbott in his address at the Geneseo Centennial in 1890. He entitled them

### AN OLD MAN'S DREAMINGS.

Iv'e been dreaming of the school house,

Built of logs upon the hill,

Where the girls and boys together

Drank from learning's fountain rill.

Tho' that temple raised to science,  
Long hath moldered in decay,  
In my dreams it hath been ringing  
With our merry noon-time play,  
Dreaming, dreaming.

I've been dreaming—there we gathered  
Choicest branches from the grove,  
To betrim the rough old school-walls:  
Then the boughs we interwove  
Into graceful forms and mottoes  
For an inspiration high:  
"Onward" "Upward" "Home and Heaven"  
"Truth and Virtue" "Do or Die".

I've been dreaming—then the children  
Having mastered A, B, C,  
Battled upward till they conquered  
Daboll and his "Rule of Three"  
"Webster's Speller" "Murray's Reader"  
"Olney's Geog." and "Kirkham's Gram."  
And the while Hale's glorious story  
Of our dear old "Uncle Sam".

I've been dreaming of the triumph  
When the school day tasks were done,  
Of the happy youth or maiden  
Who the merit badge had won:  
Of the fixed determination  
Of each girl or boy who lost,  
To be victor on the morrow  
Whate'er of study it might cost.

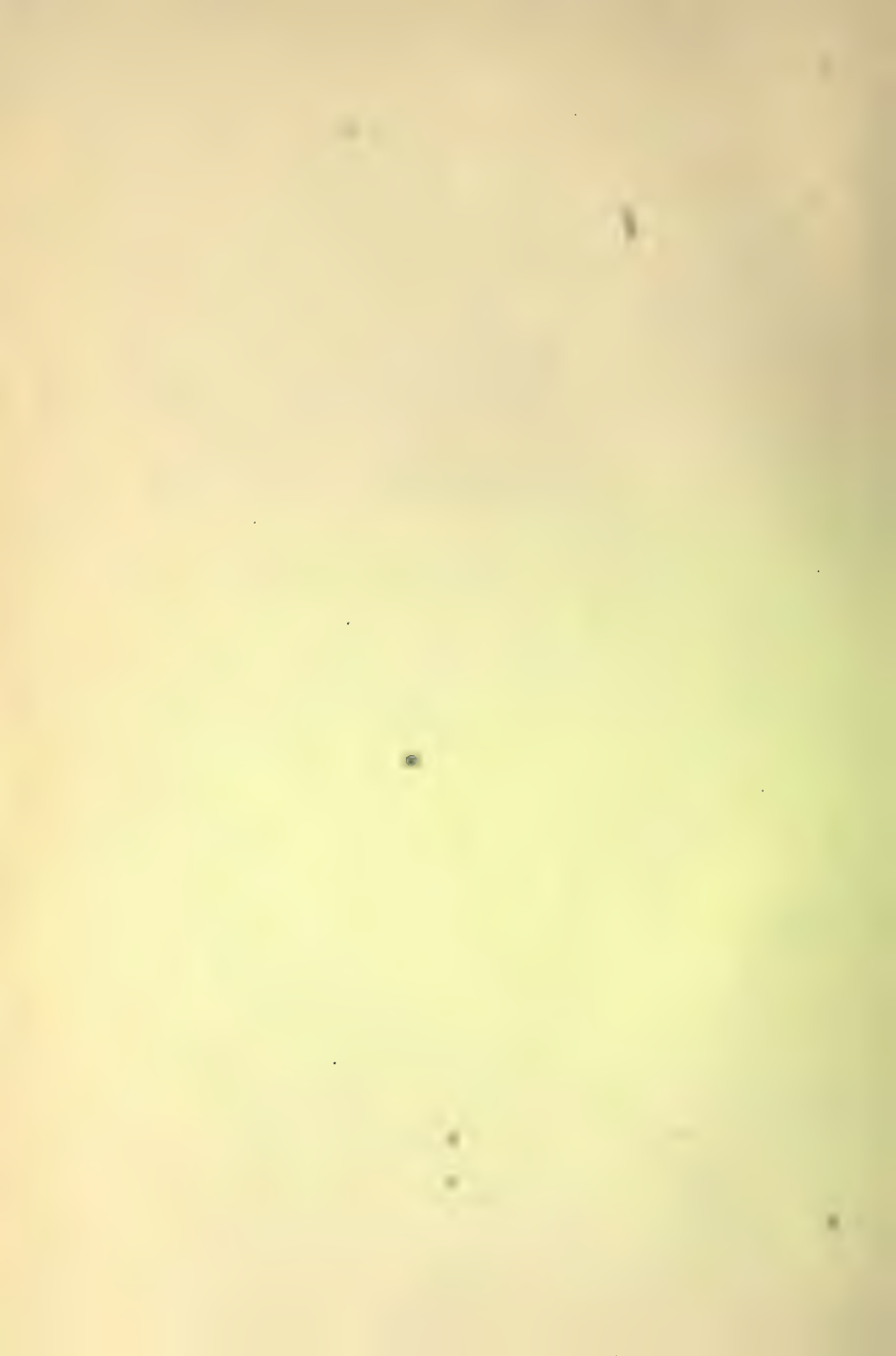


I've been dreaming—there we rallied  
From the country far and wide,  
In the cold, bright winter evenings,  
Full of zeal and youthful pride,  
To determine who the longest,  
On their feet could bravely stand,  
Spelling words of all the hardest  
That the teacher could command.

I've been dreaming—in those battles  
For the mastery in spelling,  
The excitements, struggles, triumphs,  
Were of language past the telling:  
But a bright and lovely maiden,  
(I'm constrained to tell the story)  
Over all the boy contestants,  
Won the meed of highest glory.

I've been dreaming of the hill tops  
Where those merry girls and boys,  
Gathered frequent in the winter,  
Full of fun and clamorous noise,  
On our sleds in line of lightning,  
Down the hill we flashing go,  
Laughing, shrieking, as some trickster  
Tips the crowd into the snow.  
Dreaming, dreaming.







## *The School House.*

The school houses of the earlier pioneer days presented as much variety in style, both of exterior and interior, as was presented by the physical conditions of the different localities chosen for their sites. No two were alike, for the tastes of the settlers differed as much in matters of school house construction as in other things. After awhile, however, there came to be a sort of fashion which was generally observed in their construction, and which made their exteriors resemble each other much more than their interiors. In some localities schools were organized and conducted before the erection of the school house, even shingle shanties and barns being made to answer the purpose.

Some of the very first were of the rudest kind imaginable, and were covered with a single roof like a shed. The walls of all of them were alike in that they were laid up in the form of a square pen, in ground size from 18 to 20 by 26 to 30 feet, locked together with more or less skill, according to the ability and care of the builders. The openings for the doors and



windows were sawed out, the walls being carried to a height of about ten feet. The interstices between the logs were "chinked up" with sticks split or hewed in proper shape, and held in place by wooden pins or nails, over which would be spread a coating of mud plaster. In limestone sections, real lime mortar was sometimes used. In some the openings for the windows were made for the sash to be shoved sideways like shop windows, while in others they were made for the windows to be raised and lowered. In some instances the school houses were built before sash and glass came to the settlement; in which cases the openings for windows would be filled with oiled paper or cheap factory cloth. The doors were made of thick boards or planks and hung on wooden hinges, and wooden latches were used to fasten them. A leather string was fastened to the latch which was inside, and passed through a hole at a convenient height to insure its always "hanging out". By pulling the string the latch would be raised and then the door was free to open.

Occasionally some mischievous urchin, purposely the first one there in the morning, would untie the knot and push the string back through the door before the teacher came. Then, seeking some safe hiding place where he could easily observe the situation, he would quietly await results. Resort would then be had to the windows, and if they were found fastened, it made considerable trouble to get in.

If perchance, some "Smart Aleck" had been watching and informed the teacher, the mischievous young culprit might get his "jacket tanned". But any way and however it might be, it was considered a good joke on the teacher. When the school preceded the saw-mill, as it sometimes did, the floor was made by splitting basswood logs in halves, straightening the edges, bedding the round parts in the earth, and laying them close together. In some cases however, hewed plank were used for the floors, and a floor made in this fashion

certainly had the merit of being solid and substantial, to say the least, and answered the purpose tolerably well.

The sides and one end of the log school house were devoted to seats and desks. If the sawmill was reasonably near, the seats were made by laying good pine boards upon hardwood sticks driven into holes bored in the logs. In front of these seats were the desks, and in front of the desks, which served as backs for them, were other seats upon which the "small boy" of the period usually sat. Sometimes the desks were made next to, and fronting the walls, and the seats were rude benches without backs, ranged along in front. In the first mentioned way of construction, a pupil sitting near the middle of the seat could not leave it without disturbing several others, and the pupils faced the teacher. In the other, their backs were presented to the teacher, and one could leave without disturbing others. Each way had its merits, and to each there were some objections.

It may be remarked right here that those "clear stuff" pine desk tops were a great temptation to such of the boys who could boast the possession of a jack-knife, and afforded an excellent opportunity for the gratification of a propensity which so distinguishes the American school boy:—result, in spite of all rules to the contrary, and a sharp lookout on the part of the teacher, those desks, after only a brief term of service, presented an incomprehensible maze of hieroglyphics, and the edges would discount by considerable, the business part of any up to date cross cut saw.

Were it possible for a modern observer to scan one of those old log school houses the fire place would strike him as the most impressive feature of the whole establishment. It appropriated the larger part of one end, usually the one nearest the door. A broad hearth of flat stones was laid and the chimney stack was built upon it; in some cases only a huge wall of earth and stones, which served as a back for the fires, was carried up as

high as the ceiling, when from there on up through the roof and to a height which was considered sufficient to secure good draft to fire and smoke, it was made of sticks which might be edgings from the saw-mill, laid up in cob-house style and covered with a thick plaster of mud. When those chimneys became thoroughly seasoned, the mud would fall off in patches, which made quite an undesirable condition, for a single spark might start a fire which would soon destroy the house. When such a condition was found, and extreme cold weather came on, big fires were quite necessary to insure comfort, but occasioned considerable solicitude. It was the custom during such seasons to detail some of the boys by turns to watch the fire. So, seated upon a stool near the fire, with a bucket of water by his side, and a huge squirt gun made especially for the purpose in hand, he would direct a steam upon any little blaze which might be started, and quickly put it out. It was the practice in some of those early schools, to have the wood prepared by the "big boys" during recess, and at noon time, the patrons having previously at a bee held for the purpose, drawn a quantity of tree-trunks, and poles and smaller trees cut in "sled lengths," into the school yard.

As already intimated, the fire place was of no mean or even ordinary proportions. It would, if required, take an average sized modern saw-log for a back-log or forestick, and with well seasoned wood, what a rousing fire could be made, and how cheerful and comfortable it would look, and feel too, on those cold winter mornings! If however, for want of dry wood or from any other cause, the fire went down, the remote parts of the room would soon cool off, and the scholars would be asking to go to the fire, and if the fire persisted in not "going," as they used to say, in a short time the whole school would stand shivering in front of the fireplace, while the master and some of the "big boys" would ply their best efforts to make it burn.

It sometimes became necessary to repair the old fireplace, when, in case of failure to get the proper kind of stones for the



purpose, exciting incidents were liable to follow: for, when standing in classes "toeing the mark" and spelling, or reading in Hole's History, or Cobb's Reader, the heated stones would explode, creating more excitement, dismay and consternation among the terrified pupils than would a bomb shell exploding in the midst of a squad of disciplined soldiers. Some, though not all of these fireplaces were provided with heavy large and-irons.

For one thing at least, other than dispensing heat in cold weather, is that dear old fireplace to be kindly remembered. It was just the place for cooking links of sausage and slices of ham, which would, presented to the coals on the pointed end of a long stick, and skilfully turned, take a roast which would tempt the most exacting member of that most famous New York Beef Steak Club of these first years of the twentieth century. Even now, wafted back over the lapse of more than half a century which has intervened, comes the sweet incense, the delectable fragrance of the roasting ham, and sausage of the old log school house memory, at once delicious, exhilarating; ambrosial even! an odor, to speak it plainly, to which the kitchen of The Waldorf--Astoria is a stranger, and which would excite the envy of the best of New York's noted chefs.

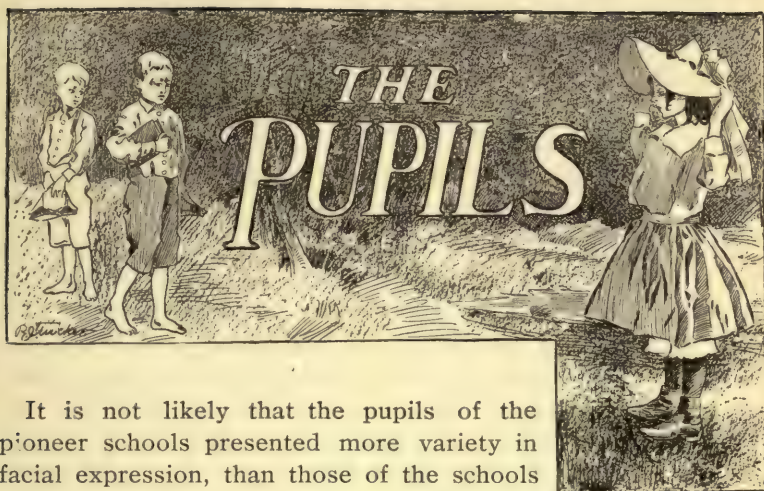
The furniture of "Ye Old Tyme" log school house consisted of a cross legged table, a splint bottomed, high back chair, a splint broom, a water pail and dipper, and in exceptional instances a fire shovel and tongs.

In case the stove was introduced before the log school house had filled out its time, the fireplace would be boarded up, and if the house was large enough, a small room, including the abandoned fireplace, would be partitioned off, making a convenient storehouse for wood, and places for hanging hats, caps, shawls and dinner pails. This was esteemed a great improvement, and the districts which first had the stoves, looked down upon those which still made use of the fireplace, as decidedly

"Old Foggyish" and lamentably behind the times, while they were quite "up to date."

Log school houses are still in use in some sections, but compared with the whole number of school houses, they are few. In 1865 there were still in the state of New York 202: in 1875, 90: in 1885, 70: in 1895, 33: in 1896, 25: in 1901, 21.

In the state of Michigan in about 1890, there were 309.



It is not likely that the pupils of the pioneer schools presented more variety in facial expression, than those of the schools of our time: but in point of dress, and in some other particulars, they displayed a variety which was truly remarkable. The fabrics of which their clothing was made, with the exception of the "factory cloth," as many still call it, which of necessity formed a part more or less, were of the homespun, homemade and homedye kinds. The cut and make up of the garments would surpass in number of styles, any first class clothing house in America. Many of the boys wore roundabouts, and others a kind of a blouse, fastened with a belt which could be taken up or let out, to suit the varying circumference of the wearer. Scarce any two were alike, only as they chanced to come from the same family.

Perhaps some of the younger readers may not know what a round-about was, as they are not worn now-a-days. They



were the waist part only, of a coat, but generally made a little longer to admit of pockets in the sides, as in a vest, and also to contribute more to the warmth of the wearer. Caps appeared in every conceivable shape, color and style of fabric, some perhaps made from remnants, and cut out after a pattern brought from "way down east" by some kind and thoughtful "Aunt Ophelia" when she visited the family the last summer, and quite likely made up by her: while others were of yarn, knit in fantastic stripes, and finished off at the top with a tassel made from thrums. This last kind could be quickly pulled off and thrust into the pocket for convenience, a feature which strongly commended it to some of the boys:

In the winter the girls wore plaid flannel dresses, and knit hoods. Pantalets prevailed, and were regarded as the proper thing. Some of the girls wore shoes made from the legs of their father's worn out boots by the shoemaker as he made his rounds, "whipping the cat" and making his own pegs wherever he did his work. Such shoes, though they would not now be considered very nice, did good service, and in those days before the advent of India rubber overshoes, if only well greased, kept the feet dry and warm. Boots, in every way like those of the boys, only lighter, were also worn in winter.

As to the personnel of the school: there was the tall, green "Lanky Bob" who could do considerably more than the average man's work at "logging" or "chopping fallow", who only went to school part of the time in the winter, and then had a hard time of it in getting his mind on his books. But he could "down" any boy in the school, was the leader in all the sports, and in sliding down hill (beg pardon, coasting) was the champion in his favorite style of riding, which was called "belly-gut": not a very choice or refined expression but an eminently suggestive one, as any one, even of the most ordinary intelligence, will readily understand its meaning.

There was the sober, candid, matter-of-fact boy, who, though not especially bright or quick to learn, kept plodding away at his books, persisting in his studies to the degree which made him oblivious to his surroundings, and who, when the "last day" came, scored a good degree of improvement and was always relied upon by his teacher for good behaviour, and an example for others.

Every school of course had its "smart Aleck." He was easy to commit, and it was a great wonder to him that others could not learn as easily as he. He had lots of time on his hands after getting his required lessons. If he were inclined to mischief, as he sometimes was, the school was the worse for his being there, but if he were well disposed as to order and deportment, then the worst that could be said of him was, that he was conceited, vain and egotistical, and the scholars would regard him only as a source of innocent amusement and let him go.

Every school had its little "tow-head" of a boy who was always on the alert for everything out of the usual course was going on: whose eyes and ears were always open: who took it upon himself to inform the teacher if any mischief was brewing. If any sly prank or caper was cut up, he was sure to know it, and straightway to the teacher he would go and tell of it. Sometimes the boys whose displeasure he had incurred, would make it extremely uncomfortable for him for that very reason.

Then there was the "tough case", the decidedly bad boy, who cared little or nothing about his studies, acted as though he thought it unmanly to obey the rules of the schools, seemed to court a whipping, and if he thought the chances were anything like even, would not hesitate to resist the teacher in the infliction of merited punishment. Occasionally the boy whose trousers had become worn or torn in the seat, so as to expose that part of a garment usually kept concealed, was "in evidence." The other boys would then say that he "had a letter in the post office."

The girls, be it said, were as a rule more tractable, and caused the teacher vastly less trouble than the boys: but they presented fully as great a variety in appearance. There was the biggest girl in school, and sometimes it meant a pretty large one, who seemed to think because she was woman grown, the master would hardly dare to correct her. She made it exceedingly unpleasant for the teacher, but she counted without her host sometimes, when she found a teacher who was just as ready to correct her, if indeed not a little more so, as any of the smaller ones, and then there was likely to be a scene.

There was another big girl, the tall, awkward, slouchy looking big girl, who was the full match for her male counterpart. She was found in almost every school. The pretty little girl who lisped must not be forgotten. She was good looking, in fact pretty. She was a good scholar, always had her lessons, was regular in attendance, attended well to all her duties, and made no trouble for the teacher, but she lisped. There, too, was the girl that cried, cried upon the least provocation, and seemed always on the watch for provocations for crying. And the laughing girl was just about as bad, though it must be admitted, that a girl when laughing looks better than when she is crying. But the laughing girl could not help it. She would laugh at the most trivial thing imaginable, and was always on the titter.

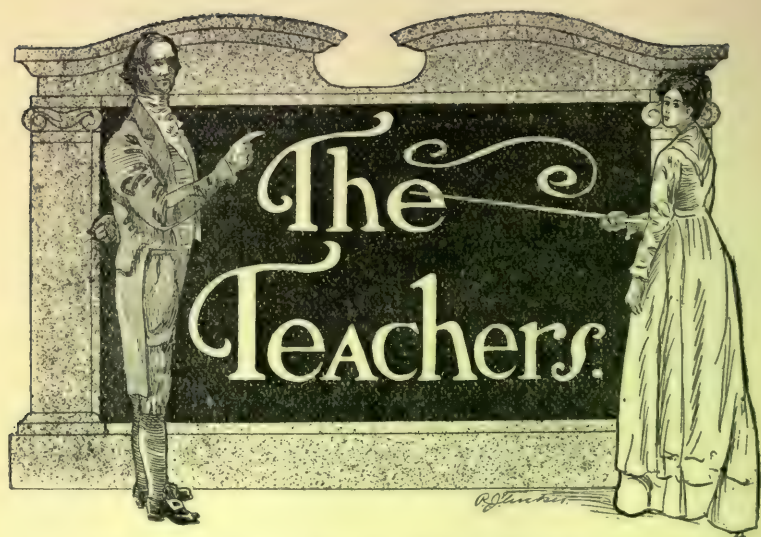
In some of the districts near to the reservations, Indian children were sometimes sent to school, but not very regularly. Their attendance added another element and contributed to the variety both in appearance and characteristics. It is needless to dwell further on the personal appearances and characteristics of the pupils.

Let us consider some of their names. Of the boys were found Nehemiah, Jeremiah, Esau, Moses, Joshua, Elisha, Joab, Aaron, Benjamin, Jonathan, Jedadiah, Hezekiah, Ezekiel and others. The girls carried such names as Rebecca, Keturah, Abigail, Mahalah, Hagar, Prudence, Patience, Thankful and others, mostly Bible names. Of course no one school would



appropriate this whole aggregation of names: but in going through three or four schools, you would be sure to find them all, and more beside.

It would sound strange indeed now, to listen to the roll call of a school made up of such names, as children are seldom so christened in these days. But go to the cemeteries, where the pioneer dead were interred, and you will find them cut in enduring inscriptions on grave stones. Many of their names are also recorded, together with their deeds, in town and county histories.



The teachers of the log school house period presented fully as great a variety as do the teachers of to-day who come from colleges, normal schools, high schools, union schools and seminaries: and they came from about as great a variety of sources. In some instances men of rare intellectual capacity "taught the young idea how to shoot", in those rude old structures. Men like Gen. Micah Brooks, who afterward became member of assembly, congressman and delegate to the state constitutional Convention in 1821, and A. N. Cole, who became the able

editor, versatile writer, and the reputed father of the republican party; and others who might be mentioned, who achieved distinction in one way or another, held sway for a time in the log school house.

Compared with modern standards the average teacher of those days was not a very highly educated individual, and this was one of the necessities of the time. Indeed it could not have been otherwise. Many of the people honestly, though of course ignorantly, claimed that the "Three Rs" (Reading, 'Riting and 'Rithmetic) were all that were required to constitute a good, practical education. If such happened to be the trustees, or, if before the day of trustees, they were the leading settlers in the neighborhood, and it was often the case, they were quite apt to put their ideas into practice when a teacher was employed, and so it came about that many average teachers, and some very inferior ones even, were installed as instructors in the pioneer schools.

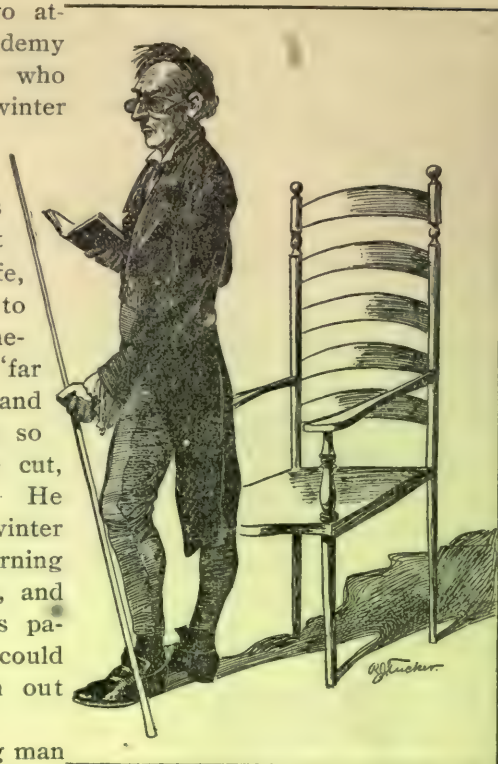
Many of the settlers were unable to pay their share toward the support of a school in money, so men and women were found who had families, who would agree to take their pay in part, if not wholly, in provisions, or in fact anything which the settlers had surplus of, and wanted to sell, and they wished to purchase. Here are two specimen subscriptions: "I give one bushel of buckwheat and one cord of wood to Joshua Rathbun for teaching my two boys three months." "I give one quarter of beef and three bushels of Indian corn, for my four boys' schooling this winter."

Occasionally the service of some aged man who, when a boy,



had for a term or two attended some academy way "down east", who after that taught winter schools in the neighborhood and had been clerk of his native town till past the meridian of life, and then emigrated to the wonderful "Gene-see country", the "far west" of those days, and whom the artist has so well depicted in the cut, would be secured. He could teach the winter school and do his morning and evening chores, and the small wages his patrons thought they could pay would help him out in various ways.

There was the young man



from the village who stood at the head of the class in the best school in town, who had helped for a time in the pioneer store, and so was expected to be "good in figures", who wore clothes cut and made by the tailor, calf skin boots, and a hat or cap brought all the way from New York! He would sometimes get a school.

And then there was the pompous, grandiloquent fellow, distinguished more than anything else for having the whole vocabulary of Webster's or Worcester's dictionary at his tongue's

end, accustomed to the use of the longest and biggest words, and a wholesale dealer in adjectives and superlatives. He sometimes managed to secure a school, and it afforded the means and opportunity of exercising his powers of speech. He was loquacity personified. He it was who, having occasion, as he thought, to call a boy out on the floor, did so in these not over-choice terms: "Here, you long-haired, lop-eared, lousy devil, you come out here".

Then there was the stout built, broad shouldered, strong and muscular pedagogue. He delighted in displays of strength and athletic feats, a good wrestler withal: who prided himself on the high degree of order he maintained in his school, and was always quoting the old adage, "Order is heaven's first law". If an unruly boy had the temerity to break the rules or provoke him in any way, he just seemed to enjoy "mopping the floor" with him, and so giving such an exhibition of his power as would awe the whole school into submission and inspire terror in the hearts of the biggest boys.

It sometimes happened that an uncommonly smart man, or one whose fame as a scholar had preceded him, was secured for a term. Of course, he soon became the talk of the neighborhood, and was looked upon with feelings of awe and wonder.

" 'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;  
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,  
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.  
In arguing, too, the parson owed his skill,  
For, e'en though vanquished, he could argue still:  
While words of learned length and thunderous sound  
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;  
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all he knew".

Of female teachers there was the inevitable Mrs. Brown or Mrs. Jones, who lived quite near to the school house, and could so manage things at home, that by early rising, sitting

up late, and "hustling things" generally, she could eke out the time devoted to the school. She could "read, write and cipher" and as that was about all that was required, and she could teach for small pay, she answered the purpose quite well, and managed to get along with the school.

Then there was the tidy, sprightly, bright eyed little Miss, still in her younger teens, who had been "off to school". She was occasionally employed. In case her home was remote from the district, her brother would come with her to the school on Monday mornings on horseback: (as likely as anyway, the two on one horse), following a good part of the way the bridle path, and quite likely some young fellow, not her brother, would come for her in the same way at the close of the week.

A young lady teacher of Caneadea secured a school in the north part of Hume, some eight miles away from her home. It was before the Indians had left the reservation. One Saturday afternoon, a young man from whom she was receiving some attention, came after her, riding one and leading another horse, upon which the fair one was to ride home. When near the hut of old Long Beard, a violent storm set in. "Any port in a storm", thought they, and hurriedly sought the kindly shelter of the aged chief's abode, and were warmly welcomed. The storm continued, it really poured, and kept on till near morning, compelling them to stay. In the morning the rain ceased and they were able to resume their way home. The night spent with Long Beard was however, in after years, a pleasant memory, dark and stormy as it was.

And there was the old maid of uncertain age, who, acting upon the advice and suggestion of friends who had made their home in the new country, and her people at home, had quit the east and come "out west" to re-engage in teaching, to which she had already devoted her best years. She was capable, efficient, and kept a good school. It was even said she was



familiar with the rudiments of grammar! She was the typical



New England spinster, was a thrifty and laid up money, but somehow in the mating up of her associates, had been left out, had failed to find her "affinity" or her "affinity" had failed to find her. The school she taught was a model for those days,—but all the while she had her eye on that bachelor settler over on the other road, who boarded at Deacon Smith's, the

next neighbor. She "set her cap for him", landed her game, and in due time they were married, and her school teaching days were ended. This is no fancy sketch. Such things occurred lots of times during the log school house period, and later. Parallel cases are found even in these days.

From 75 cents to \$2.00 per week was paid for teaching the summer schools, the latter price being the maximum for

extra good teachers in the most well to do districts as late as 1846. Better wages were paid for teaching the winter schools, and male teachers were generally employed. There were only two terms in the year, and were called the summer school and the winter school, and the teachers were addressed as "school-master" and "schoolma'am". A teacher's outfit usually consisted of an old fashioned English "bull's eye" watch, a good hickory or cherry ruler, a plummet, and a good penknife. Alternate Saturdays, or every Saturday afternoon, they had for themselves. No bells were used to call the school. The teacher would rap loudly with the rules on the door or window casing. It was then said, "school has rapped" and they would all hie them to the school house.



Having considered separately the teacher and the pupils, let us turn our attention to the school in session. To suit the purpose, let us think of ourselves as visiting one of those old time schools on a clear, cold day in winter, for then, with the possible exception of the smallest pupils, we shall find all the variety possible in one of those schools. It is just at the close of the noon-hour frolic: "school has rapped", so let us go in.

A rousing fire sends warmth and cheer to the remotest part of the room, while in its immediate vicinity, the heat is almost intolerable. The scholars have all taken their seats and resumed, or at least pretended to resume, their studies, save one, the irrepressible and incorrigible small boy who for some reason, not always apparent but still generally easily surmised,



has been sentenced to the "dunce block", and whose term has not yet expired. His head is adorned with a tall, sharply pointed, conical, paper cap, on which appear in large letters the word "DUNCE".

Parenthetically, to clear his conscience, and vindicate "the truth of history", the author will here remark that his earliest recollection of the "deestriect skule" is intimately associated with the "dunce block". Indeed it is about all that he can distinctly remember of his first term of school. In the chair by the cross-legged table sits "ye pedagogue", in this instance a tall, gray haired, mild mannered man of medium weight, venerable in appearance and intelligent in feature. His nose is bridged with a pair of spectacles the frame of which, if drawn out and properly utilized, would perceptibly help to enclose a ten acre lot. They are securely fastened with a string passed through the holes at the ends of the bows, and tied behind his head. This is to prevent them from being thrown off in case of a sudden movement, or, in the event not always unlikely or improbable, of a violent encounter with some refractory pupil. He is indeed a veritable and genuine Methuselah Wayback, and conducts his school precisely as schools were conducted when he was a boy, and that was many, many years ago. We look in vain for the blackboard, that indispensable requisite of the modern school room. The day of the blackboard has not yet dawned.

Classes, except in reading and spelling, are unknown. When a scholar learns the lesson he or she exclaims "Schoolmaster, I've got my lesson", advances with book open to the place and having handed it to the instructor, proceeds to repeat the text. If well committed, and the recitation is perfect, sometimes indeed, if only fairly good, another lesson is given and the operation is repeated, perhaps several times a day. We notice the reading and spelling classes, the only class in the school, are not provided with seats, but are required to form

in a row in the middle of the floor, made to stand erect, with heads up and "toes to the mark", which is generally some prominent crack in the floor, each one bringing his toes to it.

Let us witness the spelling exercises. The class, composed of eight or ten scholars, takes it place on the floor, each one toeing the mark. The master commands "attention", then "obedience", the boys bow their heads and the girls courtesy, or make "kerchee", as many called it; done by slightly bending the knees, sometimes adding a slight bowing of the head. One end is called the head, the other the foot, of the class. Beginning at the head, they repeat the numbers, first, second, third and so on, or one, two, three, down to the foot of the class. The teacher opens the book, which is of course Webster's elementary, and turning to the lesson, pronounces the words, beginning at the head. If a scholar misspells a word it is given to the next one who, if correctly spelling it, takes the place of the one who failed, as also if missed by a number of others. The one who leaves off at the head to-day goes to the foot of the class tomorrow. We notice that this class, in addition to spelling, takes lessons in abbreviations, like D.D. for doctor of divinity, M.A. for master of arts, &c.---also the Latin words and phrases found in the back of the book, and they are allowed to "go up" on them in the same manner as in spelling. The spelling lesson beginning with the word "baker" was a sort of milestone, as it were, to mark the progress of the tyro in spelling, and "you can't spell baker", became a term of reproach and a slang phrase in those days.

Sometimes a laughable, ludicrous, or even ridiculous incident would occur in the spelling class. A teacher friend used to relate one which occurred in his school, in a remarkably happy way. Here it is in brief: but a good story teller would embellish it, and make it more interesting by gesture and action than the mere reading of it can possibly be. The word "baker" was pronounced to a great, tall, awkward boy whose

dress denoted the abject poverty which prevailed in "the slashes" from whence he hailed. He was suffering from a terrible cold, his nasal discharges were profuse, and he had no handkerchief: but he could "spell baker", so, drawing himself up to his full height and assuming an air of superiority, he started in,—“B-A, ba.” His utterance was somewhat impeded but pausing long enough to wipe his nose, first with one sleeve and then with the other, he resumed “K-E-R-ker, baker”, with an air of triumph which would do credit to a soldier just returned from the Spanish war. But laying aside all levity, spelling in the log school house days was thoroughly studied, and the school exercises were supplemented by evening spelling schools which were largely attended, and excited much interest.

Master Wayback, we observe, is liable to be interrupted at any moment. Little Johnny Smith wants to go out: Jedadiah Holcomb is getting cold and wants to go to the fire: Elisha Gibson comes with his pen to be mended, and Josiah Milburn has encountered a snubber in old Daboll, and wants some help. Then there is little Alexander Crane, just learning his A, B, C's, and the other little fellow who has pushed on away over (!) into the “a-b-abs”, who must have some attention. In the midst of all this, the reading class in Hale's History is called out. The lesson treats of the surrender of Cornwallis. We notice a peculiar drawl with some of the class, but in the main the reading is fairly good. Some have to be corrected as to pauses and pronunciation, but the class in Hale's History is supposed to include the best talent in the school.

Master Wayback has no stated time for writing exercises. In this matter the scholars may please themselves, and write when they feel like it. The steel pen is still some distance in the future, and the goose is depended upon to furnish the raw material for the pens. The ink used in Master Wayback's school is mostly of the home made variety, to wit, a decoction



of soft maple bark. The master patiently shows them how to hold their pens, how to sit, and carefully instructs them how to make a pen. Occasionally some pupils have quills plucked from an eagle which was shot or captured in the neighborhood the last summer, and others have quills which came from the village store and had been soaked in some kind of oil. They were considered quite superior to the common quills plucked from the goose at home.

It must not be inferred from the afternoon spent in Master Wayback's school, that it was always sunshine there, that the school weather was always balmy, mild and pleasant: for sometimes lurking clouds predict a storm, and the storm came according to prediction. A few of the big boys who had helped their fathers in the "chopping" and spent much of the time the last season among the burning log heaps and blackened stumps, whose muscles were hardened by continuous toil, were restive under restraint, however mild it might be. So pronounced was this feeling with some of them that they could not be persuaded to obey the rules, however reasonable and salutary they might be, and, it would seem, were continually on the outlook for opportunities to break them.

Master Wayback's habit of close observation generally enabled him to detect any symptoms or premonitions of what was coming. When a storm was impending it had a sort of reflex effect upon his otherwise benign and pleasant countenance, and after the scholars had become thoroughly acquainted with him, they could, after a brief survey of his features in the morning, make a reasonably good guess, at least, as to whether the school weather was to be fair or squally for the day, for

"Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace  
The day's disasters on his morning face:  
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he:  
Full well the busy whisper circling round  
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned"

Following close upon some flagrant infraction of the rules of his school, when Master Wayback pushed his spectacles up over his forehead, gave his vest a downward jerk, and with a speed that fairly made his coat-tails snap, started for a whip which he usually kept in a corner by the chimney within convenient reach, where, in fact, he generally had an assorted variety in stock, the school, with the possible exception of some of the big boys, took on the most perfect picture of apprehension, dismay and dread. The sunshine had gone and the storm had come: a storm of wrathful fury which spent itself in the application to some benighted, though quite likely, deserving knight, of a shower of well directed and vigorous blows, more than probably, upon the most vulnerable and tender part of his corporosity.

This exercise was of course attended with more or less confusion. If the victim were a small boy of naturally mean disposition, mischievous and meddling, and the punishment was not protracted too long, and the strokes were not altogether too unmerciful, nothing further than a little ripple of excitement would ensue. If, however, the whipping was continued beyond what was considered by the older boys as reasonable, and the boy happened to be a favorite with his fellows, some protest on the part of the big boys might be made: and if that did not effect the object, forcible, if not indeed armed, intervention might be the result: in which case the progress of the school was interrupted, if indeed a retrograde movement was not inaugurated. If it happened to be one of the big boys who was receiving the castigation the operation was invested with more interest, as it required greater effort, the punishment was usually more severe, and the chances of interference were materially enhanced.

But Master Wayback usually succeeded in governing his school. Sometimes however, in the case of an ugly and refractory big boy, the trustee would be sent for to enforce dis-

cipline. A case in point. Trustee having been sent for, the master, forgetting the windows, or thinking them secured, stood near the door to prevent the escape of the boy. Trustee approaches: boy quick as lightning shoves a window, straddles the sill, and only waiting long enough to remark, "There's more than one way to skin a cat", skips for the woods. Such incidents always helped to keep up an interest in the school!

A teacher who was in the habit of inflicting punishment in the truly primitive way, once started to administer a spanking to a boy who screamed at the top of his voice, "Don't strike there---you'll hurt my bile". It created quite a sensation, but there was a suspicion on the part of some that it was only a ruse, that he had no boil at all.

Some of the more cunning ones, when they knew a good whipping was in store for them, and they had time to prepare for it, used to conceal under their clothing pieces of bark, but they were sure always to pretend to be terribly hurt, wincing and screaming and crying as though nearly killed.

Some schools had a bad record, and were known to make it very uncomfortable for teachers: in some instances throwing them out of the school house by main force. It was a school of that character that a prominent Irishman of northern Allegany had in mind when, after describing the physical and other characteristics which should be required in a teacher for it, concluded with these words, "He should also be possessed of a nature something like a royal Bengal tiger".

The renowned A. N. Cole once had some experience with such a school. In the school were several bad boys who were good wrestlers, and prided themselves on athletic sports and feats. Cole was a pretty good wrestler himself, or thought he was. Indulging in the sport with some of them he was downed successively by two or three and soon, as a result, lost control of the school, as they found that they could handle him, and so concluded to have their own way, which was not at all consis-

tent with Cole's ideas of school propriety. After a consultation with the trustees, it was thought best that he should resign as the signs were unmistakable that an insurrection was brewing; and if he had insisted on staying, in all probability he would have been thrown out with little ceremony and in perfect disregard of all civility.

But none of those schools were so bad as not to have some good pupils, nor were there any so good as not to have some bad ones; and purposely, the bad schools have been given more prominence in these sketches. There is no doubt however, but that the good teachers and good schools of the pioneer days far outnumbered the bad. As illustrative of the great progress made by patrons and pupils, it may be stated that a little more than a hundred years ago, when Gen. Micah Brook conducted a school in a log structure in Bloomfield, Ontario Co. he taught the pupils that the earth revolved around the sun once in a year, and on its axis every day of twenty-four hours, and among his patrons were those who were displeased with him on that account, claiming that he was "teaching for truth something which was contrary to reason, and which everybody knew was not so". He taught a number of young men the practice of surveying, who afterward did much and good work for the Holland Land Company.



## BOARDING AROUND.

The low wages of teachers during the log schoolhouse period were, of course predicted upon the fact that their board was to be furnished them free of expense, and during the early years, in nine cases out of ten, that they should "board around". In fact this was the regular method, with only occasional exception, of subsisting the teachers in those days.

A careful estimate would be made of the number of scholars which each family on the district would send to school. Then, having settled upon the number of weeks the school should continue, it was easy to determine how long each of the several families composing the district should board the teacher. Of course there were those in nearly every district who, for obvious reasons, would not be expected to board the teacher at all. Then there were always other places where the teacher would be made to feel quite at home and very welcome at any time, and it was a lucky circumstance for the teacher if those places were near to the school house, so that in case of storm and especially bad roads, they could stop there for the time. In many instances such families did much more than their share in boarding the teacher.

The old system of boarding around involved many hardships on the part of the teacher, and it is safe to say, much incon-

venience on the part of the housewives of a period when, as likely as anyway, the only spare bed in the house of a new settler was improvised from shingle blocks, poles and withes, and was always a rude affair to say the most.

The system involved long walks to reach the remote parts of a district, over roads in no way to be compared with our modern highways, and in some instances the fear of marauding wild beasts contributed a disagreeable feature to the situation. It involved a sojourn of some stated length with families with whom it would seem the bare necessities of life were all they could possibly provide, and where, in exceptional cases, the roof would fail to furnish complete protection from storm, and the cold blasts of winter would scatter snow over bed, floor and clothing.

The continual change of apartments and surroundings, of beds, of diet, together with exposure to inclement weather, made boarding around at its best, a menace to the health of the teachers, many of whom dated back to their school teaching days the incipient stages of disease which greatly impaired their pleasure and usefulness in after life.

On the part of the pioneer mothers, many of whom had large families, and no end of household duties to perform, which could not contribute largely to the highest type of cleanliness, it added materially to their daily task; for somehow the cabin, during the teacher's stay, took on an extra show of tidiness. More attention was paid to preparing the food and arranging the scanty furniture, and an extra touch was given the floor. In short, the rude habitation was put in the best possible shape consistent with the circumstances, during the time of the teacher's sojourn.

On the part of the children, the time of the teacher's stay was generally much enjoyed. Indeed they looked forward to the time with pleasurable anticipations, and their minds were filled with visions of good, plump white biscuit, and now and then

perchance, a little honey in place of the common johnny cake and brown bread of their every-day life. They dreamed of pieces of pie made much nicer and sweeter than common, with now and then a piece of sweet cake thrown into the bargain.

Speaking of pies. With some of the families, but little, if any, sweetening was put into them. In some instances with such, when the teacher came, one end of the pie, usually baked in a square tin, would be sweetened, or made much sweeter than the other, and by some mark on the crust, it was known to those in the secret which end it was. That sweetened end was for the teacher and care was taken that she should have it. A case in point, told to the writer by a surviving teacher of those days, is as follows. The pie on this occasion was cut and properly passed to the teacher, but in some way, with a perversity not always accounted for, she turned the pie and took a piece from the end not designed for her. The mother had stepped into the other room on some errand, when the little girl, who was in the secret, alarmed at the outcome of the scheme, hastily followed, whispering in a voice just audible at the table, "Ma, Ma, the school ma'am has got the sour end of the pie". Knowing well this teacher, the writer has always strongly surmised that she suspected the scheme, and turned the pie to satisfy herself as to the correctness of her suspicion.

The time spent by the teacher in the family was something of an educative season for the children. It afforded opportunities for a closer acquaintance on the way to and from school. The conduct of the teacher was carefully observed, the manner and language at the table closely scanned, and, quite likely, regarded by the confiding and admiring children as the very height of propriety. Of course some of the older and more wayward of the boys, and girls even, did not always share those feelings of respect for the teacher, but such was not generally the case.

Notwithstanding the many hardships and inconveniences attending the system of boarding around, it was accompanied with some pleasant features which went far in compensating for the trouble and effort involved in that method of solving the commissary problem for the teacher. Many pleasant acquaintances were made and enduring friendships formed, not to speak of occasional instances in which tenderer feelings than friendships even, were the direct result of boarding around. It also afforded the teachers frequent opportunities for conferring with parents about the conduct and progress of their children in their studies.

So after all, and in spite of all those drawbacks, the few surviving teachers of the log school house period, look back upon the years they devoted to teaching as really the happiest part of their lives, and recall with much pleasure the incidents and happenings which occurred when they were boarding around.

Intimately associated with the system of boarding around were the epidemics of lice and itch, and so, rather than entitle a chapter with such a loathsome heading, this subject will be concluded with a notice of them, as neglect to make such mention would justly invite criticism and convict the writer of not being loyal to the "truth of history". To say that lice were quite prevalent in the period of which we are treating would be a very mild statement of a fact which is susceptible of proof by most of the surviving pupils of those times: indeed, many would go further and say they were very, very prevalent, indeed were epidemic for most of the time, especially when school was in session.

The means of inter-communication during the terms of school afforded ample facilities for their propagation, and they were expansionists of a very pronounced type. The most particular and cleanly habits of our good old grandmothers could not prevent their introduction and spread in the family.



The author knows whereof he affirms, and thinks he has had his full share of experience with that wonderful little insect, at once the most perfect embodiment of those sterling qualities of grit and gumption: of vivacity and perseverance, bound up in the like amount of animated matter, that the world has ever known: and he takes this occasion to make open avowal of the fact. But it was no worse for him than the others, for they all had them, or pretty much all of them.

A reverend gentlemen, whose statement in relation to this subject is entitled to respect, relates this incident. Having occasion to have the teacher make or mend his pen, she dipped the pen in the ink and tried it. To remove the little ink left on it she wiped it on her hair. He took the pen to his seat. Upon examining it he discovered a louse. The cunning little thing! That particular louse had been watching out for that boy's head, and as he came to get his pen mended, thought of that particular way to get there, but probably lost his life in the undertaking.

Reader, if you ever hear any of the log school house boys or girls say they never had lice, just take the statement with a good big discount: for no matter how high their reputation for truth and veracity may be, it is very safe to say they were lousy once at least! The itch was about as common as the lice, and in many cases lasted for a long time. Sulphur and molasses was a regular daily ration in many a family. It was claimed by many to be a specific, a radical cure: but the author's faith in its efficacy as a remedy, was considerably shaken after taking it for some seven years more or less, with no perceptible diminution of symptoms! Still, tons and tons of sulphur and molasses were taken in the hope, delusive though it was, of effecting a cure.

The subject will be dismissed with the remark that however disgusting, repulsive or loathsome it may be to those of the

present generation, to the boys and girls of the log school house period, they were veritable living realities, and in spite of the affliction, they actually thrived when experiencing epidemics of those lively little creatures, the louse and the itch insect.



As a sort of prelude to this chapter the author wishes to observe that the log school house period produced better spellers than come now from our high schools, colleges, academies normal schools and seminaries. In support of this statement he offers the following. A few years ago

a spelling contest took place in the auditorium of the Silver Lake Assembly. Among the contestants were college professors and graduates from high schools, seminaries and normal schools: but the prize went to a teacher of the log school house period, a maiden lady who downed the whole crowd. Some years since, while the writer was officiating as trustee of a village school, he received an application from a recent graduate from one of our normal schools. The penmanship was fine but before five lines were written a word was misspelled.

A few years ago in a village not one hundred miles from Buffalo, which boasts of one of the best of union schools, a

half dozen of the old log school house boys asked the principal to select his six best spellers, and meet them in a friendly public spelling contest. The invitation was not accepted. Possibly it may have been thought that there would be but little glory in defeating the gray beards, and if perchance they were defeated, it would have been extremely humiliating.

It was winter, and the Todwaddle, Brier Hill, Squeedunk Hollow and Plum Bottom schools were thoroughly stirred up over the matter of spelling. Never before had such an interest been awakened. So intense became their ardor, that not an evening was allowed to pass without a rehearsal by the blazing light of the back log fires, and Webster's Elementary Spelling Book was gone through with from "baker" to "unconstitutionality", and farther, quite often. Many good spellers were developed. The spellers were proud of their achievements, and their parents were proud also. The "old bach", who lived over cross the road was proud, and so was the old maid who taught last summer's school. Indeed the whole of the several districts were proud of their spellers. And they talked about it.

It became the chief subject of conversation and the fame of the champion spellers of the different schools was noised abroad. The pride of the schools and the districts was centered in their best spellers, and they took to boasting and bragging about them. Each of the several schools of course claimed to have the best spellers. Finally, as the result of all the talking and bragging and boasting, a spelling contest was agreed upon, which should settle this much mooted question of superiority in that particular and desirable accomplishment.

Only a certain number of the spellers of each of the different schools were to take part in the contest, and it is needless to state that those representative spellers were considered good



ones at least. It was agreed to introduce some exercises in the way of "speaking pieces", as they called it, (later, declamations: rhetorical, now), as it would tend to enliven matters and give several young men of the interested districts an opportunity to display their abilities in that line of accomplishments.

The Plum Bottom school house being the largest, also the most centrally located, it was chosen as the scene of the contest. The time came, the evening was clear, the moon at its full, and the sleighing perfect. That old log school house put



on its best appearance. A rousing fire of the best seasoned hickory sent warmth and cheer to the remotest corners of the room, and with the aid of a dozen or more tallow candles, all dipped in a clear day, stuck into improvised candle sticks made by boring holes of proper size and depth in wedge-shaped sticks, and driven in between the logs: and a full half dozen more set in iron candle sticks and placed on the desks, brill-

iantly illuminated the arena of the coming orthographical contest.

"Early candle light" was the time set, and a little before that time some of the boys and girls from the immediate neighborhood began to arrive. A little later came a delegation from the Brier Hill school, in an old-fashioned, long ox sled, filled with straw, in which were packed fifteen or twenty, more or less, of the rank and file of the school with Jim Osgad for driver.

Others were quick to follow, some coming on foot and some in cutters, sleight and pungoes, and when the house was nearly filled, up drove Joshua Goodenough, with one of those old gun-boat fashioned cutters, then the newest thing out: with a gray horse with bells on, the harness being one of a set of doubles, to which leather strings had been fastened for loops for the "fills", as Joshua called the thills.

By his side, literally smothered in bed blankets and buffalo robe, sat his dear devine Jerusha Peachblossom who was accounted the best speller in the Squeedunk Hollow school. Oh my! what a consternation they created as they strode into the house and stood, in all their glory, in the full light of the blazing fire and the numerous tallow candles! Joshua was proud to be her escort. He didn't come to spell, he only came to bring Jerusha and be a spectator. He had unlimited faith in her ability as a speller, and some thought he was "kinder purrin'round her".

By this time the scene around the school house had become interesting in the extreme. There were ox teams hitched to trees, horses tied to fences, and all sorts of conveyances of the runner kind, including even the rude natural crook hand-sled of the small boy, who with a taste for sport, had come prepared for a ride or two down the neighboring hill. In good time the crowd had all arrived and the business of the evening was ready to begin.

But to cap the climax of the whole grand affair, Capt. Joseph Blossom's "gude wife" sent over one of their brass candlesticks and snuffers and tray to match, with a sperm candle ready to light, for the particular use of the teacher, or whoever might be chosen to pronounce the words.

As the snuffer part of the business was considered quite extra and fully up to the requirements of the best society, even of villages, it may be well to remark that on ordinary occasions the candles would be snuffed with a couple of knives, or a knife and a stick, or by holding the candle to the edge of a desk, or bench, and cutting off the charred wick with a knife: while sometimes resort would be had to the most simple and primitive of all ways, that of snuffing with the thumb and finger.

In all the ways except with the snuffers the charred wick fell to the floor and was trodden under foot. But the snuffers were made most of on this occasion. It was a real pleasure to him who assumed the task of snuffing the candles that evening, to parade the snuffers in full view of the gaping and wondering crowds from Brier Hill, Squeedunk Hollow and Todwaddle, where no such a thing had ever been seen or heard of! What a gracious air of importance he assumed, as he made his frequent rounds and snuffed the candles! The most consequential and dignified of all modern funeral directors never acquitted himself with more pomp and circumstance.

Theophilus Stackpole, who taught the school at the center of the town,—a tall, cadaverous looking specimen of a man, but who was admitted to be the best scholar in all that section, and who was supposed to have no preferences or prejudices for or against any of the schools, was selected, without dissent, to pronounce the words. At first they chose sides, the captains being Darius Hodgrass and Ezekiel Woodhouse.

The first choice was determined by flipping an old Bungtown copper cent. Jerusha Peachblossom was the first one



chosen. Then came Alexander Popinjay, and then in quick succession were chosen Mary Spratts, Nehemiah Radwin, Sally Maria Squibson, Ezra Cyrus Woodhouse, Sophronia Gildersleeve, and others: till all who would take part in spelling were ranged round on the outside seats of two sides of the room, and the game was opened.

In this way of conducting the exercises, the spellers were seated, and the words were pronounced alternately to the sides or companies. When a word was misspelled it was given to the other side, and then, if correctly spelled, the captain of that side was allowed to choose a speller from the side missing the word. If a word was misspelled by several alternating from one side, or company, to the other, and was finally correctly spelled by the side first missing it, it was said to be "saved". This way of spelling made it a sort of game, and it is easy to see that, with favoring circumstances, the strife might be prolonged indefinitely. After spelling in this way for some time with alternating success and slim prospect of either side being vanquished in reasonable time, it was thought best to change the order.

Then came the contest of the evening in which the chosen representatives of the several schools took part. They all stood, no sides being taken. Beginning with some particular one in the long row of spellers, the words were pronounced in succession to all, the rule being that when one misspelled a word he or she should sit down. The interest of the evening always culminated in this contest which was called "spelling down".

As it progressed after a little, and passing hurriedly over the shorter and easier words, some one would miss a word and sit down. Then soon another, and another, and still another, till the ranks of spellers were badly broken. When all but five or six had been "spelled down" the interest in the event was absorbing, and when only two or three were left, it was intense.



In the case in point, two or three stood for some time, when one, then another sat down, leaving only one, and that one was Joshua's inamorata, his dear Jerusha. Jerusha kept right on spelling till the lateness of the hour, and the complete exhaustion of Mr. Stackpole, conspired to bring an end to the contest leaving her still on her feet though tired of standing.

After a brief intermission, during which the occult forces of an attraction which is as universal in its operation as the law of gravitation, managed to get in its work in so arranging the crowd of young people that every one was seated just about as he or she wanted to be, order was restored, and all at once in came a young man who had quietly retired and dressed himself in the poorest of the cast off clothing of a near neighbor. He looked the typical modern tramp at his worst, leaned upon a staff, was led by a small boy, and, as he hobbled about the clear space of the floor, recited "The Beggar's Petition", found in the old English Reader, which began thus:

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,  
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door;  
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,  
Oh, give relief, and Heaven will bless your store".

He was followed by a boy from Todwaddle who gave the piece so popular in those days, beginning with

"When leagued oppression poured to northern wars,  
Her whiskered pandours and her fierce hussars".

Then a Brier Hill youngster "spoke" the well-known and still well remembered

"On Linden, when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow"

A young man from "down East", who was visiting in the neighborhood, was prevailed upon to recite, with fine effect, Bryant's "African Chief", the words of which are still familiar to many. It began thus:

"Chain'd in the market place he stood,  
A man of giant frame,  
Amid the gathering multitude  
Which shrank to hear his name".

And so the time passed till near midnight, when the local teacher or one of the trustees proclaimed the school dismissed. Then came the scramble of some of the boys to go home with some of the girls of the Plum Bottom district who came on foot.

Nehemiah Radwin stepped up as proud as a little corporal and asked Rebecca Sanderhaden if he could "see her home", and she grabbed his arm instanter. Josephus Orangeblossom "went home" with Sally Maria Squibson, Jonathan Ganderfoot sided up to Sophronia Gildersleeve, and Lycurgus Hilderbrand took Thankful Gilson.

Olivia Shepherd "mittened" a full half dozen boys, and then let Ezra Cyrus Woodhouse, from Brier Hill, go home with her, Ezra came on a horse which he hitched out back of the school house, but he was so taken up with Olivia, that he forgot all about it: then when he came to his senses, he hired one of Olivia's brothers to go back after it.

Of course Joshua and Jerusha were better provided for than any of the rest of them. A lot of mischievous youngsters however, sought to have some fun with them. So they were very helpful in getting the rig up close in front of the door so they could get in with little trouble. But the horse was tired of standing and started for home at a brisk trot. When, after a little, Joshua thought, and so did Jerusha, that it would be well enough perhaps to slacken his pace, somewhat, if not indeed down to the degree of a "sparking gait", it was found that pulling on the lines made no impression whatever. Indeed his speed was increased to an extent that caused genuine alarm to the young couple. Noticing some boys away ahead in the road, Joshua called loudly to them to catch his horse and stop

him, which, after some effort, they succeeded in doing. It was then discovered that the reins had been buckled into the hame rings! A wrestling contest came off the same evening, in which the champion side-hold wrestler of Brier Hill was thrown by a Todwaddle boy.

Of course, figuratively speaking, there were some broken noses, for it was just a little humiliating to the spellers of Todwaddle, Brier Hill and Plum Bottom, to have that Squeedunk Hollow girl carry off the palm of victory: but it could not be helped, the exercises had been conducted "on the square", and very properly: and all agreed that they had had a good time.

Joshua and Jerusha, after the harness had been properly adjusted, struck a slower pace. Old Grey soon got over his restiveness and sobered down so that Joshua actually drove with one hand; but he persisted in taking the wrong road! However, the young people were not much put out about it, they even joined their voices in softly singing,

"Oh come, Oh come with me, the moon is beaming,  
Oh come, Oh come with me, the stars are gleaming:  
All around about, with beauty teeming,  
Oh, moonlight hours were made for love".

All of which delayed their arrival in Squeedunk Hollow, till the gray of the early morning.



# THE SINGING SCHOOL.



Along toward the last years of the Log School House period considerable interest in vocal music was manifested, and singing schools were not infrequent. One of a series of conventions or institutes was held one fall in Rochester, at which instruction in music was given. It lasted for ten days or two weeks, and was conducted, the writer thinks, by Lowell Mason of Boston. It was largely attended and south western

New York was well represented. The following winter was distinguished for the number and success of the singing schools which were taught, some being held in very remote and comparatively new districts, and in log school houses.

The ambitious young man who had scraped together enough money to enable him to attend the institute, felt that he could gather more dollars through the winter by organizing five or six singing schools, just enough to make the rounds in a week, than he could by cutting or hauling logs, chopping wood, or threshing grain with a flail. So, visiting the several villages or places, hamlets or districts where he decided to make the trial, he would leave appointments to be given out in the



schools or religious meetings, stating where and when he would meet with such as might be interested, for the purpose of organizing a singing class. Another round would generally suffice to perfect the arrangements which usually were for a series of twelve schools.

The pupils were to furnish their own lights, which were of course tallow candles, and the amount of tuition was agreed upon: not all of them, however, paying the money. The singing masters were not confined, by any means, to those who attended the institute. There were others.

The time now referred to was before even the old Prince & Co's. melodeons, so well remembered by all our elderly people, made their appearance. Occasionally one more proficient of the teachers who had mastered the mysteries of violin or bass viol and thought himself qualified to execute (?) music thereon, would bring with him his favorite instrument with which to accompany the singing. The tuning fork was invariably used to get the key or pitch, as they called it, and some of them made use of a small portable black board, upon which to illustrate the lessons.

There was a great difference in the singing masters of those days. Of course every blessed one of them thought himself possessed of a superb voice, and a thorough knowledge of music. They were probably not all alike endowed in that particular any more than in the art of imparting their knowledge to their pupils, which, it must be confessed, was with varying and widely differing degrees of success.

But the difference in the teachers found a full match in the great variety of pupils. Some had good voices, while the voices of others were horrible in the extreme. Some came to learn to sing, and learned easily: while others were hard to teach, though paying the best attention. Others came because others came. They wanted to meet the young people, get acquainted, and have a good time socially, before and after the

session, and at intermission, and go home with the girls: while it is barely possible some of the girls came more with the deliberate purpose of "catching a beau" than of learning to sing. Still others possibly were there, though their number was small of course, who were quite willing to pay the amount of the tuition and attend, more out of curiosity than any other motive, and were on the watch for any opportunity for a little fun, even sometimes at the expense of good order, and the plain violation of the acknowledged rules of good deportment. Parenthetically, it may be well to remind the reader, that the characters just enumerated were the grandparents of the present generation, and possibly, if not indeed quite likely, his or her grandmother attended this particular school.

The writer still retains a vivid recollection of one of those singing masters. In personal appearance he was a genuine Abe Lincoln style of a fellow. He stood six feet three in his stocking feet, and his name in length fully agreed with his statue. It was Oricus Zewingelus Garrett. He had a good voice, and probably understood music pretty well, but he was uncouth, awkward and not over good looking. By trade he was a blacksmith but he had a young man with him who was serving his last six months of apprenticeship, so he could easily leave home half, or even a whole day at a time. He didn't attend the musical convention and thought those institute fellows were sort of "stuck up", and didn't know any more than he did.

A black board and tuning fork constituted his whole equipment, but he brought along with him a goodly number of singing books called the "Handel and Haydn collection". This was the book he used in his schools and he seemed to be much interested in selling them. Another singing master used the "Boston Academy". Still others used a book called "Carmina Sacra".

The teacher just described must have been the one the artist who illustrated Will Carleton's "Festival of Melody", had for his model. Sure thing! It was really worth going a long distance just to sit and watch his movements, listen to his talk and time beating, and the singing, which, when the whole school joined in the chorus, had a wonderfully elevating effect, perceptibly lifting the beams and rafters, and so bulging out the old logs in the walls as to start the "chinking" and make the windows and door fairly squeak in sympathy. Some poet has said, and been considered smart because he did say it, that

"Music hath charms to quell a savage,  
Rend an oak, or split a cabbage".

and the saying has been verified lots of times in the old log school house singing school.

It may be well to quote a few lines, they seem so eminently fitting.

"The blackboard behind him frowned fierce on our sight,  
Its old forehead creased with five wrinkles of white,  
On which he paraded his armies of notes,  
Sending them on a raid through our eyes to our throats.  
How (in his particular specialty) grand,  
He looked as he tiptoed with baton in hand,  
And up, down, and up, in appropriate time,  
Compelled us that slippery ladder to climb,  
As he flourished his weapon and marched to and fro,  
With his "Do-re-mi-fa-sol-la-si-do".

And certainly Will Carleton must have attended that selfsame school, and had it in mind when he penned

Nathaniel P. Jenkins! how sadly you tried,  
With your eyes a third closed, and your mouth opened wide,  
To sport an acceptable voice like the rest,  
And cultivate powers you never possessed".

or

Little Clarissa Smith! how you thrilled us all  
When you made that young, soul-sweetened voice rise and fall!  
"The Whippoorwills" voice is sweet-spoken and true,  
But not with a heart and a spirit like you".

or

"Mrs. Caroline Dean, how you revelled in song!

There was no singing school to which you didn't belong.

What a method was your's of appearing prepared

To make any tune in the note book look scared!

Your voice was voluminous rather than rich,

And not predistinguished for accent or pitch".

To see Mr. Garrett as he announced the piece and the page in the singing book, strike the desk with his tuning fork, quickly hold it to his ear to catch the sound, repeat the notes "Do-mi-sol-do", in getting the correct key, beating time to words "Down, left, right, up, down, left, right, up" and giving the command "Sing", was richly worth all it cost to get there.

And then to hear them sing! There was "Old Hundred" (and is now) and "Coronation", "Boylston", "Balerna", "Uxbridge", and others: really glorious old tunes which will live when all the hifalutin, folderol stuff of these degenerate days is forgotten. Sure thing! If you don't believe it, just ask any old white head like me!

When about half of the evening was gone a recess, or intermission, of fifteen or twenty minutes would be had. This was a pretty good idea. It gave the pupils a chance to change their positions, visit a little, stir about, and, if so minded, take a ride or two down a near by hill which afforded excellent facilities for coasting.

It is greatly to be regretted that a proper regard for the "truth of history" makes it imperative to indite the few lines which immediately follow, for it is a painful duty. Funerals, logging-bees, and raisings were not only occasions when whiskey was used, and candor prompts the statement that Mr. Garrett had unfortunately acquired the habit of imbibing ardent spirits to an extent which some might call intemperate. Sometimes he would come with a bottle artfully concealed among his belongings. Then he would take a drink before he



opened the school, just enough to slightly exhilarate him, "tune him up" as it were, and put him in good shape for the arduous work of the evening. If by chance he succeeded in getting another nip before recess it only stimulated him to more heroic efforts. Then a couple of drinks during recess would so fix him that by the time the session was resumed, he could not wield his tongue to his own satisfaction or the satisfaction of his pupils.

On such occasions his conduct contributed largely to the merriment of the evening. When the victim of such spiritual influence, he was always clever, never cross or ugly, and his cleverness bordered closely on silliness. In such an emergency some advanced pupil would get hold of the bottle, give him another good swig, and then throw it away or pour out what was left. This would so quiet him that, under the direction of this proficient pupil, the exercises would be resumed and carried on to the conclusion, at which time, or shortly after, Mr. Garrett would be sufficiently sobered off to make his way home safely.

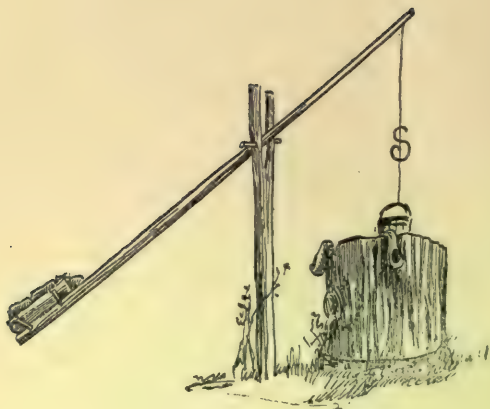
The singing school will be abruptly dismissed, with the satisfying and consoling suggestion, that all our older readers, with the help of only an average imagination, will be abundantly able to supply all the incidents and happenings which are supposed to have attended, all the sweet words said or thought, and "all the appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining" to the home going of all the different members; with the added surmise, however, that possibly, indeed probably, our younger people, if it were left to them, could do quite as well in supplying the omission.



### ...PIONEER SKETCHES...

Our hardy pioneers, the men who, nursed  
Amid the blooming fields of cultured lands,  
Forsook the scenes of infancy, and first,  
With hearts of lofty daring and strong hands,  
Pierced old primeval groves, by hunter bands  
And beasts of carnage tenanted alone,  
And lit their camp fires on the lowly strands  
Of lakes and seas, to geographer unknown,  
Deserve the bard's high lay--the sculptor's proudest stone.

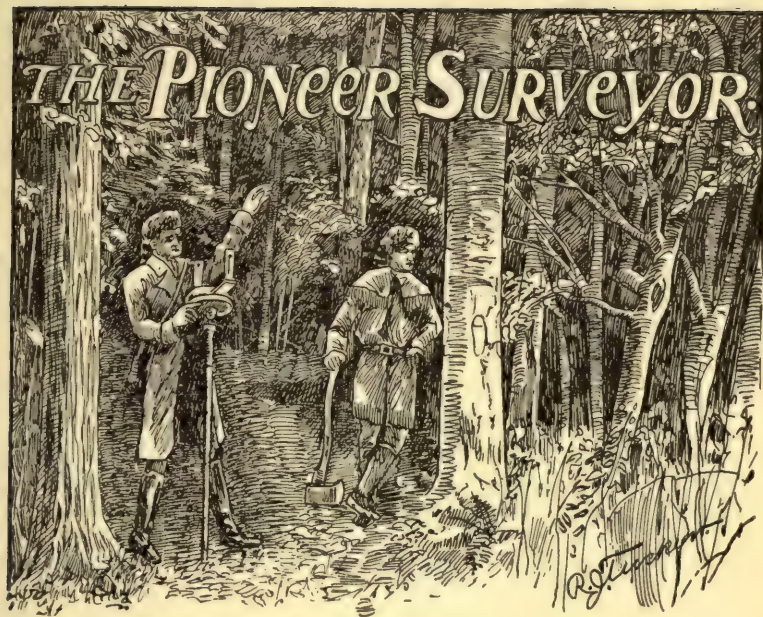
W. H. C. Hosmer.



“We had a well, a deep old well,  
When the spring was never dry,  
And the cool drops down from the mossy stones,  
Were falling constantly:  
And there never was water half so sweet,  
As the draught which filled my cup,  
Drawn up to the curb by the rude old sweep,  
That my father’s hand set up:  
And that deep old well; O! that deep old well,  
I remember now the splashing sound  
Of the bucket as it fell”.

Alice Cary.





Establishing and definitely marking the lines of the several great tracts like the Holland Land Company's Purchase, the Phelps & Gorham tract, the Church tract and others, was the first work of the surveyor in the new country. One of the most important, as well as notable, of such lines, was that which marked the eastern boundary of the Holland Purchase known to people over a large extent of country as the "transit line", and to the surveyor as the "transit meridian". It was run in 1798 by Joseph and Benjamin Ellicott, assisted by a company

of twenty-five men, two or three of whom were surveyors, most of them very handy with axes.

The instrument used for defining the line was a cumbersome affair, made for that particular purpose, by Benjamin Ellicott and David Rittenhouse, the famous mathematical instrument maker of Philadelphia: and, with the exception of only a little other work done with it for the company, it is doubtful if it was ever more used. The parts of the instrument still left were, with thoughtful propriety, placed in the rooms of the Buffalo Historical Society, some years since, by the late David E. E. Mix, in whose keeping they had been for many years. As near as the writer can remember, the circle must have been at least twenty inches in diameter.

The running of the transit meridian and the township lines of the Holland Purchase was probably the largest undertaking of the kind ever undertaken in this country by any individual or company. To give some idea of its magnitude it may be said that Thomas Morris, son of the great financier of the Revolution, had the contract for furnishing "one hundred barrels of pork, fifteen barrels of beef, and two hundred and seventy barrels of flour", for the surveyors and their assistants the first season of work (1798), and Mr. Elliott's enumeration of articles to be provided for the campaign covered a great variety" from pack horses to horseshoes, nails and gimlets, from tents to towels, from barley and rice to chocolate, coffee and tea: and from camp kettles to teacups", saying nothing of "medicine or wine, spirits and loaf sugar for headquarters", and the estimated cost was \$7213.13: while the wages for the surveyors and their help for six months were laid at \$19830.00.

The transit meridians (there were more than one) and town lines once established, the next work of the company was the sub-division of the several townships into sections and lots, to facilitate the location and definition of purchases made by the settlers, and this gave employment to

many men. Only one surveyor would be assigned to any particular township, and his party usually consisted of two chain bearers, one axeman, and a man with the pack horse, whose business it was to look after the commissary supplies, pitch the tent and do the cooking. Another pack horse and man would be employed in making trips to and from headquarters, loaded with provisions, and carrying letters and doing errands.

While in the woods engaged in their work, "guns, cards and liquor were prohibited," and they went to work as early as the season would permit, and remained till driven in by the storms of winter. The surveyors were required to make a careful record of the topography of the country, noting on all the lines the character of soil, kinds of timber and herbage, streams, mill sites and such other features as would enable the company to properly estimate the value, help to locate roads, and generally facilitate the progress of settlement.

About six miles per day was the usual progress of the subdivision surveyor. No ten hour system was in vogue, but when the shades of evening settled over the grand old woods, their camp was made, of course near to some spring or brooklet, and after partaking of a frugal supper prepared by the pack horse man, refreshing sleep on beds made by spreading their blankets on a collection of boughs and twigs, restored their energies and fitted them for the labor of the coming day.

These surveyors were the first to explore the wilderness that covered the country, except upon the lines of the Indian trails and along the routes travelled by French and English soldiers, and from the nature of their work, surveying parties came as near as one hundred and twenty rods to any point which might be designated, in the entire country. A pamphlet giving "several methods by which Meridional lines may be found", was printed and distributed among the surveyors. For running



those lines, the parties consisted of two chain bearers, two flag men, two axe men, and two pack horse men: and to "encourage the several surveyors that will be employed" "the company agreed to pay them the munificent sum of \$3.00 per day from the time of their entering the service until the date of their discharge". The pay of the men was "\$15.00 per calendar month."

Minute directions were given as to marking the township lines, and setting the town corner stakes, "for which a spade must be used". The stakes were to be "slipped" on four sides with a marking iron, carving the number of the range and township opposite such side, also "requiring the bearing, distance, size and kind of the trees standing as witnesses to the township corners to be noted, designating the notches, blazes and letters to be marked on each witness tree."

The township and range lines were required to be marked by trees blazed on three sides, one facing, the others with, the line. All sight trees were to be "marked with two notches and a blaze above them, and to be cut on the part of the tree where the line strikes." The chain was to be measured every night.

The following extract from a letter from Mr. Thompson, who was a sort of superintendent of surveyors, to Mr. Atwater, who was engaged in running township lines, will give an impressive idea of some of the conditions prevailing one hundred years ago. It was in answer to a call for candles. "There are no candles here of any consequence. You must endeavor to make out with the piece I have sent. You can make shift with rhines of pork". The quotation is literal.

Immediately succeeding the work of the Company's surveyors, began the sale of lands, and during the first forty years of the last century, the services of the surveyor were in frequent demand all over the new country. Lands were all the time being "taken up", and though the contracts or "articles",



as they were called, and deeds, contained carefully drawn descriptions of the lands involved, made out at the land office by experts at the business, and plainly sketched in the margin, the actual measuring of the distances and running of the lines and marking the same, was generally left to some surveyor of the neighborhood whom the purchaser might employ to do the work. The demand for such services was quite frequent, and so it soon came about that the surveyor, with his coarse iron wire chain and pins, suspended from a strap thrown over his shoulder; with plain open sighted, though frequently Vernier compass, resting on one arm, the other hand grasping his Jacob-staff, was a very familiar figure in all the settlements.

Sometimes the surveyor was a justice of the peace: again he was the doctor, who supplemented his medical practice with an occasional day in the woods, setting out lines and establishing corners, or laying out roads, as it helped out in matters of subsistence and finance.

And yet again the surveyor was the minister who may have been educated at some eastern academy, or college even, who failed to derive sufficient revenue from expounding the Scriptures, to defray his living expenses which were constantly increasing, to keep pace with his growing family. In such case his theoretical knowledge of the art was utilized by securing an outfit and helping others, as well as himself, in parting off the lands of the early settlers. But no matter: whoever or whatever they may have been, in some respects, comparing their work and the obstacles they had to contend with, with the work of the surveyor of our times, they really had a "pic-nic".

The corner stakes were still standing, as well as the corner trees, with the marks still plainly visible, while the marks on the line trees were all fresh, and, in many cases, the vistas cut through the underbrush by the surveyors' axemen, were easily traced. This was a great help, and very much facilitated the process of laying out the new farms. And then there were

roads to be laid out and altered and discontinued, which added largely to the business of the pioneer surveyor.

It is not to be wondered at that some who aspired to do the work of the surveyor made rather a bungling job of it. It would be more a matter of surprise were there no such cases. It is a matter of tradition that one of the early surveyors in the northern part of Allegany, was called "the wooden compass surveyor" from his having improvised his own compass from materials, with the exception of the needle, close at hand, and mostly wood at that!

The late Saml. A. Early informed the writer that in the early days, some surveyor, not a hundred miles from present Wellsville, used a compass, the graduations of which were made on sole leather!

Though there were many faulty descriptions like this for instance, quoting from the record, "Beginning at a pine stump within a quarter or half mile of the Red Tavern", in the main they were perhaps as well done as could be expected under the circumstances: and as to the laying out of the original purchases, the wonder is, that there has been so little controversy over the lines they set out. So the conclusion is very safe at least, that the work of the pioneer surveyor as a rule, was well and faithfully done. Much honor indeed should be accorded to the memory of those hardy men of the Jacob staff and open sight.

The accompanying illustration is introduced as a matter of personal interest to many people in western Allegany and eastern Cattaraugus Counties, at the same time of general interest, it is hoped, to all who may read this chapter. The parties posing for the picture, beginning at the left, are Mr. F. E. Hammond, a competent and veteran surveyor, his son, Cleo, and Mr. Byron Lockwood, all of North Cuba, N. Y., re-

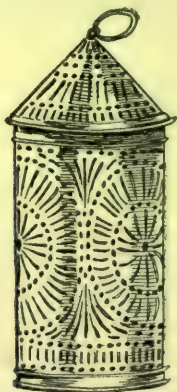


presenting, as well as may be, with modern clothing, the surveyor, head chain bearer and axeman of a party of pioneer surveyors. The compass, Jacob staff and chain are just about an even hundred years old. The compass bears the name of H. Hunt as maker, Auburn, and was first used by Ephraim Hammond (who probably got it from the shop) who was born in 1788, and came to Fleming, Cayuga Co., N. Y. with his father's family, from Saratoga Co. in 1806. Mr. Hammond lived in Fleming till his death in 1836. He was supervisor of the town of Aurelius when it included Fleming and Auburn, and in 1829 and 1830 represented Cayuga Co. in the legislature. He was Justice of the Peace for many years. The outfit came into possession of his nephew, H. Nelson Hammond in 1836. He was

born in Sempronius, Cayuga Co., N. Y. in 1812, and came with his people to Rushford, Allegany Co.. when four years old, and, with the exception of from 1845 to 1855, when he lived in Belfast, ever lived in Rushford, where he died in 1864.

He practiced surveying over quite a large extent of country, was town superintendent of common schools: taught 26 winter terms of school in succession, and enough more to make full 30. He also conducted writing schools. His son, F. Eugene Hammond, succeeded to the possession of the instruments in 1864. He also taught many terms of school, and practiced surveying in Allegany and Cattaraugus Counties. He has been supervisor of the town of Cuba several terms.

And now his son, Cleo, is taking up surveying, making four generations in succession, of Hammond surveyors. He has also taught school. This makes a record which adds to the interest in the picture.





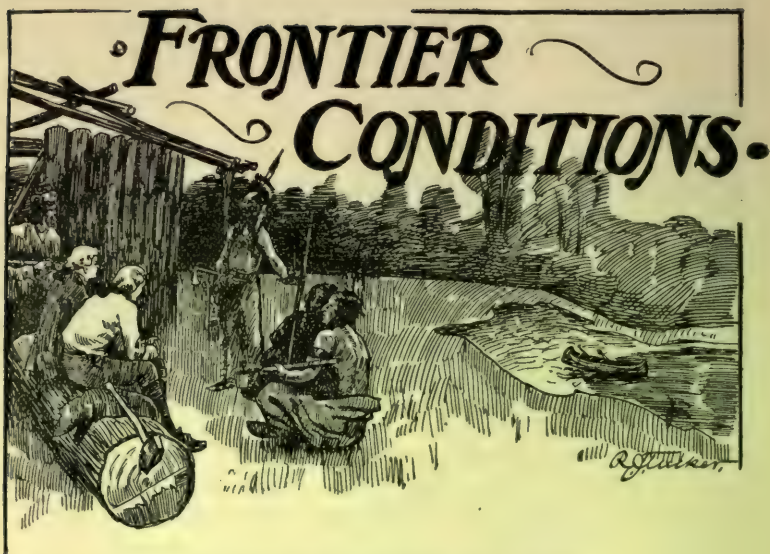


This shows a corner in one of the rooms of the Buffalo Historical Society, with table upon which are grouped several surveying instruments which are quite historic.

At the extreme left is seen an instrument with telescope and vertical circle, used by Joseph Ellicott, Surveyor in Chief of the Holland Land Company. Next to it is seen the telescope and axis of the transit instrument, mentioned at the beginning of this chapter.

On the right is seen the compass of Augustus Porter, with which he did so much work in New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio. Other relics, such as field books, drafting instruments, and souvenirs of pioneer surveying are also seen.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Frank H. Severance, Sec'y of the Buffalo Historical Society, for assistance in securing the photograph from which this beautiful half tone was made.



"They recked not, though the beast of prey  
By night was on his bloody walk,  
And prowled the red man forth to slay  
Armed with his murderous tomahawk."

Hosmer.

The first settlers in any section of our country east of the prairie states, found little less than one vast empire of forest, which perhaps afforded a greater variety of timber than any other area of the same extent in the world. Here and there were found the deeply trodden trails of the red men which led from one Indian village to another, and formed the arteries of communication between the different tribes and nations of our

immediate predecessors. Here and there also, were found windfalls and occasional open flats along some of the principal streams, and near some of the lakes; but the grand old woods were guiltless of axe marks, save perhaps those left by government or land company surveyors in establishing state and property lines. Those were the only visible evidences to the pioneer, that the foot of the white man had ever pressed the soil of the new country.

It was indeed a land of lofty summits, and lovely and reposeful valleys and lowlands; of silvery lakes, gushing springs, winding streams, beautiful cascades and foaming cataracts. This great wilderness was thickly peopled with deer, bears, wolves, panthers, beavers and other animals, and the lakes and streams were fairly alive with fish of many kinds.

The first settler had either made a personal reconnoissance of the new country, or gathered the information at the land



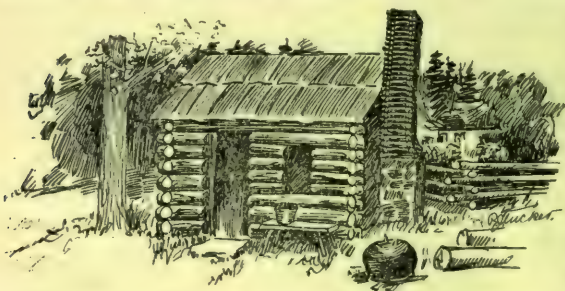
office, or of the surveyors, which enabled him to plunge, with confidence, into the big woods with perhaps only an ox team hitched to a dray, upon which was secured a few articles indispensable to the rudest life in the wilderness.

As the place where he had determined to "plant his destiny" was neared, he had to cut his way as he went, passing around the huge trunk of some prostrate monarch of the woods, or following for a distance the clear, gravelly bed of a creek, any way to get there, and all the time on the lookout for an improved route. If the first settler was short of help, single



handed as it were, the initial cabin would be made of poles instead of logs, for the very good reason that he could cut, haul and place them without assistance. While this new settler is making his beginning, others, and some quite likely not far from him, are engaged in the same arduous undertaking and soon the sound of the axe can be heard from one settler's clearing to that of another.

A community of interest is quickly aroused, and when a new comer is ready to put up his cabin, the neighbors, for miles in all directions, turn out and help him. The material was always close at hand. The site for the first cabin was generally chosen near to some spring. Only the straightest trees were used, and they were as near as possible of uniform size. An ox team was required to haul the logs in place. Two of the most expert axemen of the company would each take his corner to cut the saddles and notches, to lock the logs together, and the work would begin. It required no further



preparation, than settling the size by carefully measuring the length of the bottom logs. Then in the course of an afternoon

the four walls of the cabin would be complete.

They were usually carried to a story and a half, or about twelve feet in height. With many of these structures, when the walls were up about eight feet, or to the chamber floor, extra long logs at the ends and one or two between them, would be introduced extending some six feet or more on the "front side" to serve as supports for the roof which, on that



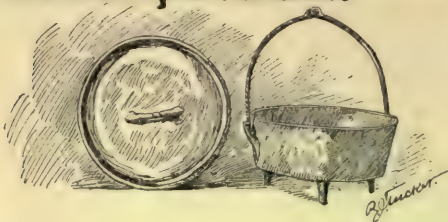
side would cover a stoop which was a very convenient feature of the house. Openings for the doors and windows were sawed out, as also for the fire place. The chimney stack was built entirely outside the structure, in some instances, as in the cut.

Usually the entire lower part would be in one room while the upper room, which was reached by a ladder, or long pins stuck in holes bored for the purpose to effect the same object, was used for a sleeping room. A bed, under which could be run the regulation trundle bed of the period, was most always found in the room below. The fire place was of the most ample dimensions, and in some cases was only a thick wall of stone laid up with mud mortar with no jams. If so constructed, a lug pole would be suspended from the chamber floor, from which would be hung a chain with several loose hooks, upon which to hang pots and kettles. The upper parts of such chimneys were generally built of sticks, plastered over with mud, and carried to a height sufficient to insure good draft. The interstices between the logs were "chinked up" with triangular split sticks, fastened with pegs or nails, and plastered with mud.

In putting in their first crops the pioneers had of course and of necessity, to resort to the most primitive methods. The virgin soil was composed of wonderful elements, and the blackened earth possessed the virtues of the vegetable mould of ages, but the roots and stumps and logs made the first seeding a task hard and slow to accomplish. Corn was planted in among the roots by striking the bit of an axe in the ground, dropping in the seed and pressing the earth about it with the foot, and wheat and oats and rye were sometimes hoed in, among the logs, so anxious were they to get their first crops.

In all the earlier years, the baking was done in the iron bake kettle, which was made of the proper size for a good

**"Bake-Kettles too, they always had.  
To bake big loaves of bread:  
They set them on live coals of fire,  
With coals upon the head."**

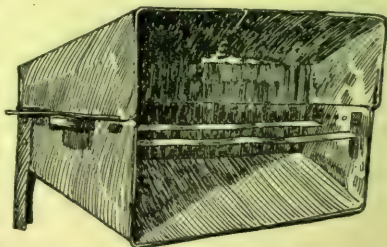


sized loaf of bread, the cover so constructed as to make it impossible for any coals or ashes to come in contact with the bread. The bake kettle would be set in a bed of live coals and ashes, and completely covered with the same, and tradition says that a

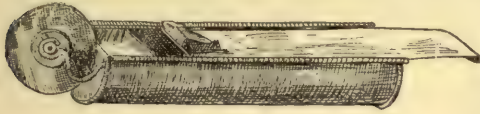
loaf of Indian corn bread baked in that way, was a full match for anything which modern methods have introduced.

The tin bake oven called by some the Dutch oven was the next in chronological succession of contrivances for baking. It was placed on the hearth before the blazing fire, with the bread or biscuits of Johnny cake in the dripping pan on the slats: and performed the office of baking to the great delight of our grand mothers.

The wood for those pioneer fire places was cut from four to six feet long. To build the regulation pioneer settler's fire, a back log, sometimes two feet in diameter, was hauled in on rollers, and rolled up against the chimney back. On top of this would be laid a back stick, while in front would be placed a forestick. Then, with some dry stub-wood, or fat pine split fine, chinked in and around and under, only one thing more was needed to start a fire.



Lucifer matches had not made their appearance, and many of the settlers used the tinder box for starting a fire. The



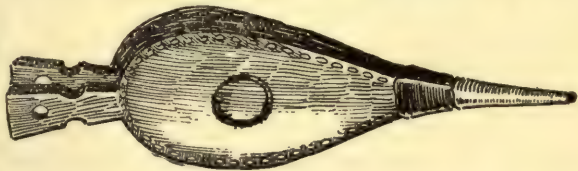
box contained tinder or punk. With the flint and steel a spark would be struck, which falling on the punk, fire was at once started. The tinder box shown was provided with a steel wheel which, set in motion by pulling a string, struck the flint which was fastened on the cover,



and sparks were generated. The cut is copied from the Smithsonian Reports. It was a kind much used by pioneers, trappers and Indians.

But a gun, of course of the old flint lock variety, was found in every house. And so, with just a little powder and tow, or punk and wood, and sometimes the use of the bellows, a fire was easily started. And such a fire!

Why, with all the improvements of recent years, nothing has been produced which quite equals the old fashioned back log fire of our grandfather's days! It was bright, cheerful, warm and healthful, the ventilation was perfect and the air good.

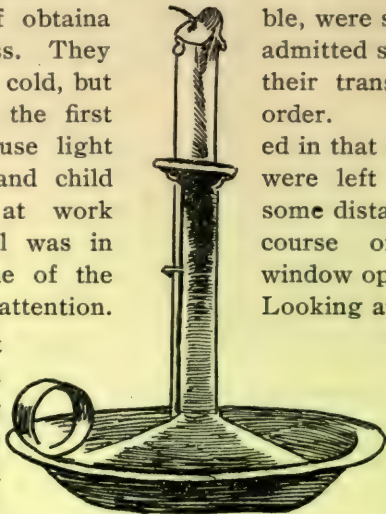


Even now, in the most up to date, modern residences of our millionaires, it is sought to imitate with gas logs and expen-

sive fittings, those grand old fires of the pioneer period. But at best, however costly they may be, they are still but base imitations. Of an evening the fire place was supplemented by tallow candles, and pitch pine knots. Oiled paper and bleached cotton cloth, if obtained, substituted for glass. They kept out much cold, but ties were not of the first order.

Once in a house lighted in that way, in Canaan, a woman and child were left alone. The husband was at work some distance away. The evening meal was in the course of preparation. A noise at one of the window openings attracted the woman's attention.

Looking around she saw by the bright fire light the nose and paws of a bear. Quickly seizing the long wooden poker she had just been using, and which, fortunately, was still



ed in that way, in Canaan, were left alone. The husband was at work some distance away. The evening meal was in the course of preparation. A noise at one of the window openings attracted the woman's attention.

Looking around she saw fire light the nose of a bear. the long wooden had just been which, fortunately, she

thrust it into the bear's face. Bruin at once made good his retreat. She was very glad however when her husband soon after returned.

When lights were needed in doing chores or going on errands in the night, torches were first used, but the tin lantern soon appeared, and the first settlers were proud of them, as people of these days are, of the best "Dietz" or "Ham" lantern now on the market!



# The LOGGING Bee.



Logging bees were of quite frequent occurrence with the early settlers. Chopping and logging largely engaged their attention. The axe, the yoke of oxen and handspikes were the agencies which, in the hands of the hardy pioneers, transformed the forests "into fields and cities". The logging bee made a handy way of "changing works" in the first stages of the settlement, for logging was something which a man could do but little at alone. As the clearings widened and the settlers prospered, help became more abundant and they got along without so many bees. So their energies in that direction were brought in play only in case where some one had fallen behind on account

of accident, sickness or other sufficient causes, and where delay in logging and burning would occasion considerable loss: for

getting a "good burn" greatly facilitated the preparation of the ground for seeding.

James Pike, over on Panther Run, had been sick the previous winter, and his recovery was slow. He had been helped out by a brother-in-law from somewhere "down east" who had made a nice chopping of about six acres, which was done in fine style while Jim was convalescing. The brush was properly piled, a good burn secured, and the whole job, so far, was done with special reference to handy logging. The "good burn" left the logs and ground and stumps all of one color. Just then, as Jim was getting so he could do something and logging was the next thing in order, as he was hauling a stick up to the house, it caught in some way on a stump: the oxen started quickly, and it flew around and laid him prostrate with a badly fractured leg, besides other injuries of a less serious nature.

A messenger was sent for a doctor, and the news of Jim's bad luck was soon known even to the adjoining settlements, and much sympathy was felt for the unfortunate man. Learning of the condition of his work, aware that his circumstances were not the best, with the prospect of long continued inability to work, and a big doctor's bill to be paid, the settlers, with one accord, agreed that Jim should have a boost. A day was set and the word went out to all the people that the logging bee would come off at a time appointed, in Jim's chopping, and they must turn out and help him.

The day came: it was a good one, and with it came a sturdy lot of men with a number of good ox teams, stout logging chains, and axes. The teams were all good: but some excelled in the particular work of logging, being especially broken to the business. Among the brag yokes was one from the White Settlement on Butternut Flats, known far and wide as handy, quick and strong. They were Jed. Strong's, and Jed was on hand himself, ox gad in hand, to handle them.

The Whitman Hill fellows were out in full force and with them came Jonah Johnson with his crack team. By many, Johnson's team was considered the quickest in the whole country, and for strength, a good match for Strong's. It was claimed for Johnson's team that they had been known on several occasions, to jerk a log right out from the bark! Of course no one was expected to believe this statement, except upon the condition that the marvellous feat was performed only in the peeling season. But as no one questioned their strength or dexterity, so no one cared much whether it was a fact or not.

It was arranged that the business in hand should begin right away after dinner, which the good women of the more immediate neighborhood had brought along with them, and, in picnic style, had spread on an improvised table of rough boards. Hardly, perhaps up to some of our modern picnics, but the meal was appetizing, hearty and substantial: just the thing to give them strength for the arduous work of the afternoon.

Arrived at the chopping, allotments were made to the several gangs; each team having its particular driver, the team and driver understanding each other perfectly. To some would be assigned the business of wrapping the chains about the logs, while others were expected to unhook the chains: and others still, armed with hand spikes, were to roll the logs into place on the heaps. It is quite safe to say it was just a little noisy. It was "Haw Buck", "Gee Bright", "Whoa Stub", and "Git up Broad", besides the commands of the bosses of the several gangs, given out with stentorian voices: and the surrounding walls of the green woods gave back the echoes in grand refrain. It was "confusion worse confounded," but the work went on, and well and swiftly it was done. In some way, but purposely of course, it was so arranged that the two rival teams had as near as possible the same amount of work laid out for them. Without a spoken word to that effect, it seemed

as though the gangs, drivers, teams, all sniffed it in the air some way, that there was to be a strife. And there was.

It fell to the Johnson team to tackle a little the biggest log. It was indeed a heavy one, and they went through the yoke instant: but another and a stronger one was in reserve. When that was adjusted, Jonah gave the word with an emphasis which those oxen understood perfectly, and accordingly they got right down to business, and the huge log moved. Not only that, but it didn't stop till it was in place for the heap, and all amid the shouts of the men, many of whom had wagered they could not draw it.

Jed. Strong's team broke two stout log chains, one by snubbing the log against a stump, the other by starting too quickly. Other teams did well, but the rivalry was confined to the teams of Strong and Johnson, and they finished their work so evenly that all were willing to call it a tie. It certainly was a draw! Still, each wanted, in some way, to have it out. So, selecting the clearest place they could find, they turned the rival teams tails to, and dropping the hooks together, they were started with the word "Go". Strong was not well pleased with this way of settling it, for he was afraid Johnson's team was the quicker, which was soon proven, and they won out. Seriously, it is no fair test for strength, for the quick team has a great advantage.

The whiskey jug was passed around at stated intervals that afternoon, and also at some other times, and they all felt pretty well: they were ambitious to distinguish themselves with feats of strength. Neither could they brook any delay, and logs would some times be caught and rolled on top the heap before the chains could be unhooked. Lots of other antics were indulged in, but generally the best of good friendly feelings prevailed.

Joe Gibson had the misfortune to get his fingers badly pinched, the oxen starting before he could get them away; and



Tom Luther sprained his ankle, but not badly. These were all the casualties. The help was so plenty the picking up was all done, and it being unusually dry, it was determined to fire the heaps at once.

It was six o'clock, and returning to the cabin, the good women had the boards spread with an ample and substantial supper. They took their time for it, and when the meal was finished, the heaps had become sufficiently burned for the first "chinking up." All hands resolved to stay and do that also, and as the moon was at its full, they voted to do it thoroughly. When they finally started for their several homes, the heaps were so far burned as to give but little more trouble. Jim Pike could hardly express his thanks, and they all felt happy over giving him a good boost.





## The Raising.

In the order of improvement, the framed barn was more than likely to precede the framed house. It was indeed the rule, and there were few exceptions. Col. Russell's clearings had grown to cover more than half of his farm, and his crops of hay, wheat and oats, had so largely outgrown the little old log barn which he first put up, that he was compelled to stack, which, as now, was always attended with much waste. So, closely considering the matter, he concluded that it was in the line of economy to put up a frame barn.

It seldom occurred to our pioneers to build their barns on other than level ground, and such was the site which Col. Russell selected for his new barn. It was just near enough to the road which had been recently laid out on the lot line, which

was the south line of his farm, to make room for a good sized yard. Having determined to build, the colonel thought he would put up a larger one than was then common, and fixed the size on the ground at 32x44 feet with 16 feet posts. This was considered large for the time. In this instance, the sills and plates were gotten out 16x16 inches, the beams 12x14 and the posts and ridge pole of cherry. This would be considered a great waste now. They were all scored, and hewed with broad axes. With wise forethought Col. Russell had selected his timber, felled, hewed and drawn it out, and piled it up in a place convenient for building operations the next spring. This rendered the weight very much less and made the raising considerably easier.

It was very hard, at the best, lifting those huge timbers into place, for it was all to be done by main strength. But to the praise of our pioneers be it said, their willingness to turn out to raisings was proverbial. Community of interest made it a sacred duty to turn out on such occasions, and they would come from long distances: some, when the relation, or acquaintance was intimate, would come with their ox teams and sleds, and bring their wives, that they might enjoy the sight and assist in preparing refreshments. Ox sleds, did you say? Why, bless you, yes. That mode of travel or conveyance, even though the ground was bare, was the safest and easiest way of riding over the roots, poles and logs, and through the long, deep mud holes.

Whenever it could be, the raising was planned to come off at or near the full of the moon. Col. Russell's raising was well attended. It had gotten winded around that it was to be a "whopper", as they used to say, something more than ordinary, and they knew the timbers would be heavy, and so they turned out to a man to help him up with the frame.

Bill Strobell, down on the Beaver Dam Flats, had great fame as a barn builder. His frames always came together good, and

he had a way of managing the men so as to keep them all good natured and willing, and so they went up well. Col. Russell secured him to build his barn, indeed he had him engaged a year in advance. Bill came on about the middle of April. The colonel had two good hired men, and two of his boys had so far grown up as, if occasion demanded, to do the work of an average man. When the framing was completed, which Bill did alone, all the help on the place turned in and leveled the sills and got the bents together, so there should be no delay nor bother when the men came. Some were lax in this matter, expecting the invited helpers to assist in all that preliminary work.

It was two o'clock before all the men, or sufficient of them to undertake to raise, were on the ground. A few more pins were needed, so Deacon Jones who came early, was set to work at them. The deacon was known as the best pin-maker in the settlement. His pins were always well made, and of the right and uniform size, and would cause no profanity on the part of those who drove them. When everything was ready, two or three, as the case might demand, good, strong, reliable, steady nerved men were given places, each at the foot of a post, with iron bars to hold them firmly in place. It was regarded as a position of great responsibility. Then all the men who could get to the beam took their places, while behind them stood, say half as many more, with good, strong and long pike poles. Carpenter Strobell then took a position where he could see every move of every man, and in a loud, strong voice gave the command "Pick her right up, boys", at which every man grasped the beam and lifted in concert with the others, to the words "He-o-he" strongly accented, and mingled with an occasional "Up she goes". When far enough up, the men behind jabbed the pikes into the beams and soon the hardest of the lift was over. As the bent neared a perpendicular some of the men with pike poles were sent around



to the other side, and the words "Steady boys, C-a-r-e-f-u-l" and the post tenons would enter their mortises.

The bent was then "stay-lathed" in a correct position, and another bent tackled, and the same process gone through with, with the additional work of placing the girts: and so repeated till the last one was up. Then came the raising of the big plates, which brought into exercise the skill of the builder, and the strength of the men. The ridge pole, purlin plates and rafters, in the order named, were then raised to their places and pinned, and the barn was raised. An adjournment was had about 5:30 o'clock for refreshments: and fried cakes, bread and butter, chunks of good boiled corned beef, punkin pies, ginger cake, Dutch and other home made cheese, were served, while root beer, and, if the truth must be told, whiskey, were also passed around, the latter beverage dispensed by the Colonel himself, with a keen eye and good judgment.

It was a full hour after sunset when the last pin was driven, and to conclude the whole performance, all the men who cared to, and were so disposed, climbed up and ranged themselves on the plates, when Joe Stubbs, chosen for the purpose, took a bottle of whiskey tightly corked, "named the building", as they called it, by repeating some rude, rhyming lines: in this case,

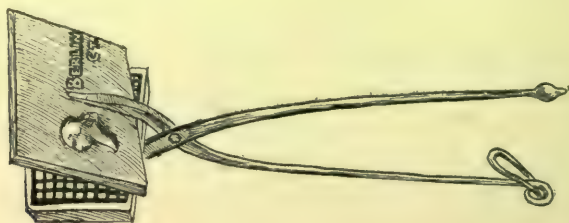
"The pride of the builder, and owner's delight:  
Framed in ten days and raised Saturday night".

Then calling for three cheers, the bottle was swung over his head, and, amid the huzzas of the whole company, thrown as far as his strong arm could hurl it. Then came the scramble to see who should reach the bottle first. If not broken, it was considered a good omen. In this case it was not. Wrestling, jumping and running, were often engaged in after raisings, but the hour was so late and the work had been so arduous, the sports were omitted. So with the well deserved thanks of

Col. Russell, they departed for their several homes "By the silver light of the moon".

When Capt. Van Nostrand raised his mill in Granger, Alleghany Co., he had to send seven miles to procure help, and some of the Indians on the Caneadea Reservation assisted. The captain did his own framing. He was a man of nerve and great coolness in emergencies. The timbers were heavy, and in raising one at the bents some faint hearted ones were about to release their hold. Such action would have imperilled their lives. Captain Van Nostrand took in the situation at once, grasped a handspike and threatened dire vengeance on any who failed to do their best: and again giving the word "He-o-he" they all lifted as never before, and up it went. It was wise in the captain to talk thus to the men who had come to help him, but it was not very polite.

John Shanks, an Indian on the Caneadea Reservation, was good help at a raising, because very expert in going aloft and venturing where many feared to go. He would stand on his head on the plate of a building. In performing this feat at the raising of the first grist mill in Wiscoy, he lost his balance and came tumbling down among the timbers to the rocks below, sustaining serious injuries, the effect of which he felt as long as he lived.





At the beginning of the last century the wolf population of our country must have been large, if not indeed immense. When the first settlers made their appearance and reared their rude cabins, this country seemed indeed to be the paradise of the wolf, but it made a veritable pandemonium for the pioneer. Wolves greeted him upon his advent into the wilderness, welcomed him to its dark forest recesses, and persistently followed his pathway to his destination. They stood as sentinels about the lonely cabins, and when night "mantled the wilderness in solemn gloom", the chorus of howls which

they set up was enough to dismay strong hearts and make the blood run cold in those not much given to fear.

Many thrilling experiences of the early settlers have been related, in which the wolves played a conspicuous part: and many adventures with wolves have been recited in later days to the grand children of those who participated in them. The wolf was distinguished for his keen appetite which was never satisfied. He was always gaunt and always hungry. When he could get it, mutton was his favorite meat, and choice spring lamb would tempt him long distances, and to take great chances.

In 1805, Phillip Church purchased, and drove to Belvidere, twenty-four sheep. Arriving there late in the evening, they were folded close by the house. In the morning, a brother-in-law from New York, who was his guest, was invited out early to see them. Nineteen of them had been killed by the wolves!

Next to his sheep killing propensities the wolf was noted as a howler. He was a howler indeed. He persistently practiced howling, and, as practice make perfect, his howl came to be a "Howling success": and when a pack of fifteen or twenty assembled for a promenade concert in the dark old forest wild, or some clearing close to the cabin and near to the sheep fold, the effect was simply appalling.

Said Guy McMaster, historian of Steuben County: "Each pack had its chorister, a grizzled old veteran, perhaps, who might have lost a paw in some settler's trap, or whose shattered thigh declared him a martyr for the public good. This son of the Muses, beginning with a forlorn and quavering howl, executed a few bars in solo: then the whole gang broke in with miracles of discord. All the parts recognized by the scientific were carried by these "minions of the moon". "Some moaned in baritone, some yelled in soprano, and the intermediate discords were howled forth upon the night air in a style that would make a jackal shiver. The chorus was an



aggregation of every known modulation of the wolf voice, and the effect was indescribable; the cattle would herd closer together and assume an attitude of defense: the sheep and lambs would be paralyzed with fear, and it has been asserted, and never yet successfully refuted, that in some instances where an unusual convocation of talent was employed, young and thrifty trees have been stripped of their bark by their vociferous and long continued howlings”.

No wonder that our pioneers declared a war of extermination against these howling and prowling denizens of the big woods. The legislature was appealed to, and laws were enacted which offered bounties on the part of the state, and the counties and towns were authorized to offer additional bounties for the killing of wolves. The law provided that the party killing a wolf, or any one to whom he might sell, could go before a supervisor or justice of the peace and, presenting his scalps “prove up”, as it was called, and get a negotiable certificate, payable by the tax gatherers or county treasurer after the next tax was collected.

The war against the wolves than began in earnest, and the bounties were raised, so that before it was concluded one might realize as much as \$45.00 for a full grown wolf: the state and county each paying \$20.00 and the town \$5.00. For young wolves, or whelps as they were called, the bounty was just half as much as for the full grown ones. The wolves rapidly disappeared, but it has been claimed that the law became so much abused in the way of using the same scalps over and over again, as to require additional legislation to the effect that every supervisor or justice of the peace who granted certificates, should immediately burn the scalps so certified.

It has even been claimed that one noted hunter and trapper, at least, did a thriving business in catching young wolves and keeping them till barely able to pass for full grown, thus realising \$20.00 or more per head for the short time he had to care

for them. Also that this same man had back in some dark recess in the old woods, a particular she wolf which, for several years he guarded with jealous care, for the reason that she brought him good revenue by occasionally presenting him with a fine litter of whelps which he would, at the proper time, take from her and keep till full grown!

The wolf statistics of Allegany County, N. Y., show that from 1808 to 1845 inclusive, there were 1746 wolves and panthers certified, at a cost to the state and county of \$26,679.70.

The same methods were in vogue in other parts of the country as well, and an immense amount of money must have been spent in the war against wolves. Since 1845 no record of them appears, and if a wolf has since been seen in western New York it must have been some stray tramp from the more secluded regions south.



A PIONEER CHEESE PRESS.



*Luis. Elijah ear mark.*

*Square crop on the right and two holes  
in the left Dec 20<sup>th</sup> 1828*

## EAR MARKS.

For the purpose of facilitating the identification of sheep and cattle during the years covered by the process of clearing up the farms of western New York, when such animals were generally voted "free commoners", and the only fences were those inclosing the crops, the legislature enacted laws requiring the owners to mark their cattle and sheep, and have a description of the marks recorded in the office of the town clerk.

These marks were generally made by cutting notches, holes or slits in, or cropping the ears of the animals.

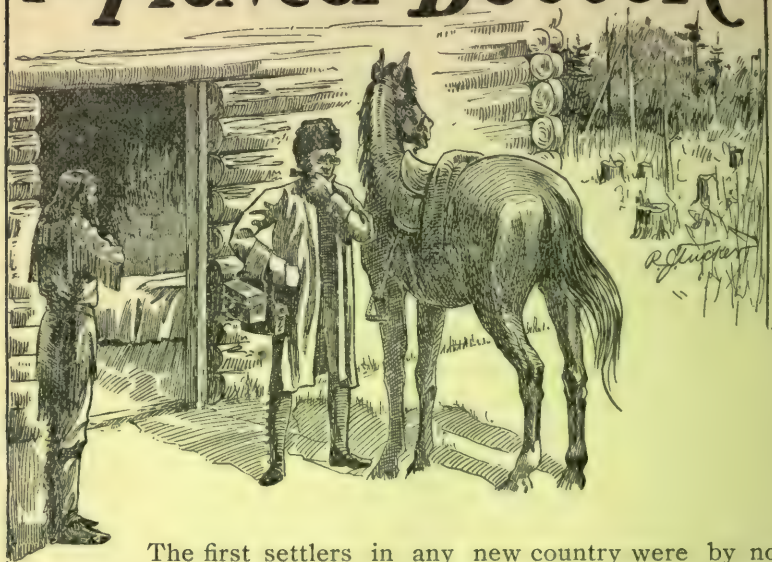
Then in the fall, or at any other time when they were taken up, the ear marks with the record, would furnish the proof of identity and established the ownership of the animal.

In the town of Allen, Allegany Co., N. Y., in 1826, there was a town clerk, (the record does not reveal his name) who was a good penman for those days. He was also of an artistic turn of mind and hand. So in addition to the record, this clerk illustrated the marks by the figures of sheep heads with ears somewhat enlarged, for the purpose of showing them.

An entry from this record book is reproduced, and helps to form the heading of this chapter.

The record of ear marks for the town of Allen, began April 4, 1823, and the last one was made March 10, 1856.

# The Pioneer Doctor.



The first settlers in any new country were by no means exempt from the many ills that afflict humanity. Though hardy and robust to a high degree, determined in will and nerved with steel, they were necessarily exposed to perils of sickness and accident, to which the congested populations of their old homes were strangers. There were diseases peculiar to the new country, generated perhaps by stirring the new soil, and fevers caused by the malaria evolved in clearing, consequent upon the exposure of swales and marshes to



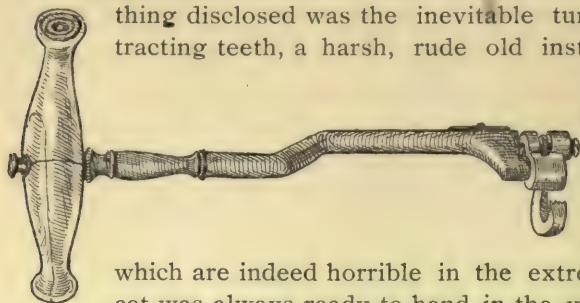
evaporation. Cases of fever and ague were frequent along the course of the Genesee river and some other streams, and the low, marshy lands in the vicinity of some of the lakes.

The rough work of felling the forest trees, piling the logs and burning them, opening roads, constructing dams and mills, and building houses and barns, afforded abundant opportunity for accidents, and cuts and fractured limbs occurred sometimes at places quite remote from the nearest doctor.

If it required sterling qualities in the settlers to subdue the wilderness, the requirement was much emphasised when it came to the matter of the pioneer doctor. To be successful in his chosen profession, and where he had determined to establish himself and "grow up with the country", he must needs be possessed of rare qualities of endurance, to be exposed to fatigue and hunger, and all kinds of weather, to make long journeys over the worst roads, or no roads even, and with the assistance perhaps of an Indian for a guide, and a hatchet to mark trees where the path was obscure or to help him on his return in case of detention over night in the woods, to cut browse for his horse, and hemlock bows for a bed, upon which he could throw himself wrapped in a blanket for the night's sleep in the gloomy forest. All these incidents have been encountered by the pioneer doctor.

The doctor of the period made most of his visits on horseback. A pair of saddle bags were thrown across the saddle, while a receptacle for vials, pill boxes and packages on either side was filled to its capacity with "Vials and blisters, plasters and pills, Boneset, peppermint, syrups and squills", besides calomel; jalap, ipecac, and the usual variety of medicines then in use in country practice. When the doctor came, he first warmed himself by the open fire, then sat down by the sick one, felt the pulse, looked at the tongue, asked some questions of the patient, then, setting his thinking machinery in operation, and assuming a knowledgeable look, proceeded to

select and prepare some medicine. Throwing his saddle bags over his knees, he unbuckled one of the covers. The first thing disclosed was the inevitable turnkeys for extracting teeth, a harsh, rude old instrument, which



even now, the thought of, awakens with all our older people, memories

which are indeed horrible in the extreme. The lancet was always ready to hand in the vest pocket, and here's dollars to dimes, that in nine cases out of ten, the patient was bled, or emetic was given, for it was "bleed 'em and puke 'em and purge 'em" in those days.

But who shall say their success was not equal to the success of the present day physicians? People did not have any such disease as appendicitis in those days. It was simply inflammation of the bowels, or colic, or belly-ache: and as for microbes, why they had never been thought of and were not to be found.

Anesthetics were unknown, and when a surgical operation was imperative, some of the strongest nerved men in the settlement were summoned to assist in holding the subject, who after being fortified by copious draughts of liquor, was strapped upon a table or plank for the operation, in which perhaps a saw from the tool chest of the nearest carpenter did the service of the finest instruments of our times.

It seemed a Godsend almost to those settlements which had some sainted old mother who was "good in sickness", who prided herself on her ample store of roots and herbs, like bone-set, pennyroyal, smartweed, catnip, skunk's cabbage, sarsaparilla, wild turnip, &c., &c., which she knew so well how to prepare and administer to those who were sick, and sometimes she was in great demand. And when a new comer was ex-

pected in some cabin, it was planned to have her present to greet its arrival and care for the mother and child. Gentle reader, I am aware that I may have violated a propriety in what I have just said. Instead of saying "when a newcomer was expected in some cabin" I should have said, and will say now, "when the stork was hovering over some cabin". I hope now, I have so amended it as to comply with the usages of modern society.

At the best, the life of the pioneer doctor, if he had a good practice, was laborious and wearing. The average settler was in anything but affluent circumstances, and the doctors were sometimes paid in dribblets, a little now and then, and in grain or vegetables: in some cases, as now, never paid. Some of the pioneer doctors attained great fame in the healing art, and their practice extended over a large extent of country. A notable instance was that of Dr. Ebenezer Hyde, the pioneer doctor of all Allegany, whose ride extended from 30 to 75 miles in every direction. A son, the late Dr. E. E. Hyde of Belmont, himself a doctor, used to say, with a queer kind of twinkle in his eye, that his father's fame was owing largely to the fact that he could not visit his patients often enough to keep them in bed!

Many of the doctors of the pioneer period held warm places in the hearts and affections of the people, and their memory is still kept green and associated with many of the pleasant recollections of the older people of our day.

It happened frequently that others besides the doctors "pulled teeth" in those early days, and in many of the settlements were found men who had equipped themselves with turnkeys, and held themselves ready to remove the offending and troublesome teeth of their neighbors, saving a trip to the doctor.

Dr. J. E. K. Morris, in a paper read at the Centennial Celebration of Cattaraugus County and the City of Olean, held at

Olean, October 6th and 7th, 1904, related two incidents which I am permitted to use, quoting entirely from memory.

A young physician had succeeded to the practice and equipment of an older one who had died or removed to other parts. Receiving a call, he threw the old saddle-bags of his predecessor over the saddle and mounting his horse, he made his way to the bed side of the sick one, where he found himself unable to make a diagnosis which entirely suited him. It was indeed a poser. But thoroughly rummaging over the contents of the saddle bags, which consisted largely of roots, herbs, leaves and but little else, he found a little package of snuff from which he prepared a number of powders, leaving the same with minute directions how to take.

Upon his next visit he found his patient well on the road to recovery, which was rapid and complete!

A doctor had a patient who was very sick, so sick indeed, as to suggest the propriety of counsel. Two other doctors were sent for, one of them living at a long distance from the home of the patient. The doctors living nearest, had to wait some time for the more distant one, who finally came, and the council was held. When the doctors were ready to go, the man inquired as to their bills, offering payment.

The doctors nearest by hesitated, but quickly agreed to leave it all to the one who was the most remote, and all to share alike.

"Well" said the doctor from way off, "We've had a good visit, and a good dinner, and our horses have been well fed; As the pay is to be in cash, I think fifty cents will be about right"!





## Early Religious Scenes and Services.

A liberal percentage of our pioneers came from New England, where churches were many, and church going habits were firmly established: and many of them were church members. To be deprived of the privilege of attending church was considered by such people as one of the hardest features of pioneering. It is therefore, no wonder that the church came close after the school house, and regular worship was instituted at the earliest practicable time. While waiting for the church edifice, however, they were not long, nor entirely, deprived of preaching services, for the roving missionary was close at hand. Some of those early evangelists came on foot, others on horseback, and sending the word through the settlement, would hold a meeting on short notice in the school house, or the largest private dwelling in the neighborhood, which at first

in nearly every instance was of logs. Instances have been known where the meeting was held in some new barn where the floor had just been laid.

In those early years there were probably twenty five such missionaries engaged in Western New York, holding meetings, distributing tracts and founding churches. Perhaps as distinctly a typical missionary character as ever appeared in these parts, was good old Elder Ephrai Sanfords. He roamed all over the country covered by Tompkins, Schuyler, Steuben, Allegany, Cattaraugus and part of Chautauqua counties, N. Y., and probably preached the first sermon in more towns than any other of his like.

Attired in deer skin coat and trousers, corduroy waistcoat, and bearskin cap, he made his way from settlement to settlement on a fairly good horse with an easy saddle, and an ample portmanteau: one side of which was loaded with some necessary articles of apparel, Testaments, Bibles and tracts: while the other would be filled with potatoes and a loaf or two of bread to appease hunger and provide against emergencies.

Approaching some lowly cabin just at nightfall, he would inquire if he could be entertained for the night. If, as was sometimes the case, he was told there was no spare bed in the house, and they were in want of food for themselves and had no oats or hay, he would ask, "May I cut some browse for my horse, roast my own potatoes by your fire, roll myself in my blanket and sleep on your floor?" And the request, it is needless to say, was always granted.

Elder Sanford felt that he was called to proclaim the glad tidings whenever and wherever he could secure a dozen or more auditors, be it in school house, the private cabin, under the leafy canopy of "God's first temple", or even in the field, or among the blackened stumps. He braved many dangers and suffered many privations, enduring fatigue, hardship, cold

and hunger, in the prosecution of the work he thought himself called upon to perform.

Some years since, in an interview with the late Mrs. Timothy Rice, of Caneadea, she told me that the first religious service she ever attended in that town, was on the east side of the river in a log school house. It was warm summer weather and the preacher lived on the opposite side of the stream. He came barefooted. Rolling his trousers nearly up to his knees he waded across on a riffle and, fearing he was a little late, made his way directly to the school house where, without stopping to put them down, he immediately proceeded with the service.

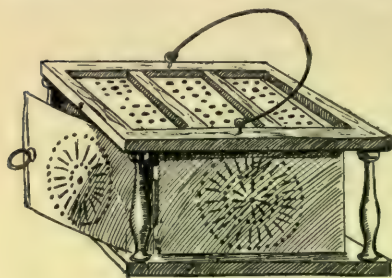
Hymn books were scarce in that neighborhood, so the hymns were "deaconed". Fearing that young people may not know what the term means, and strongly suspecting that many of the older ones may not, it is but fair to say that the practice was quite common in the first years of the last century, and was briefly this. After the hymn was given out and read, some familiar tune which was fitted to it would be selected. The preacher would read a couple of lines, those lines would be sung, then a couple more would, in like manner be read and sung, and so continued. The system of "deaconing" enabled those who had no books to join in the singing, for they could easily, by giving good attention, remember two lines at a time for the brief moment required. The practice was also called "lining".

Later on, camp meetings were held, and churches erected, mostly in the villages, but some so remote from any center as to be quite isolated, sometimes even on lofty hill tops. Many of those early church edifices were of large and lofty proportions, with a gallery on three sides, and the pulpit was reached by a flight of stairs from six to eight feet in height. Directly over the minister's head, and but little distance removed, was placed a "sounding board" which was simply what its name



would imply, and was designed for the purpose of improving, or, megaphone-like, enlarging or intensifying his voice, or giving it more emphasis so as to be heard distinctly in remote parts of the house.

The pews in the body of the house were square, so, if all were filled, one fourth of the people would face the minister, one half would, of necessity, have to turn one quarter of the way around to look at the preacher, and the backs of the remaining ones would be turned toward the pulpit.



In cold weather foot stoves were used to keep the people warm. Filled with charcoal and placed in the middle of a square pew, the feet of the occupants would be presented to it. One of them was capable of making comfortable quite a number.

Music, at first in the pioneer churches, was entirely vocal. In time it was sought to introduce instrumental, and it was done, in some instances, only after a sanguinary struggle which made a coolness between the members for a long time.

An incident. In a certain town in western New York the Methodists had become quite strong and had built a good church. "Some of the members wanted to introduce choir singing." Other members bitterly opposed it urging that "the congregation should do the singing as genuine Methodists had always done in the past." This raised a contention which lasted for some time, but in the end a choir was organized and peace was partially restored for a time, but the worst was yet to come. In time the leader of the choir wanted to use a bass viol and discard the "pitch pipe." This proposition was considered, by part of the members, as a horrid desecration of God's house, and a contention was again raised that lasted for



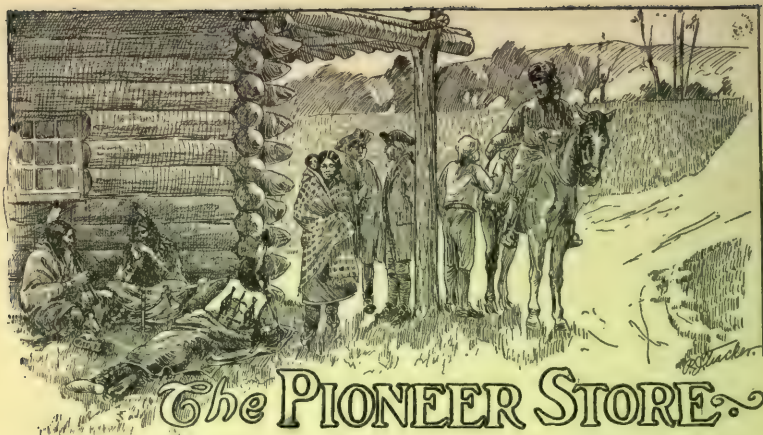
weeks. However, at a special meeting, the bass viol carried the day by a majority vote, most of the younger members voting in favor of it. "On the next Sabbath the bass viol, six feet high, was carried into the choir. After the regular service was over, the "class" or "speaking meeting" followed. The choir leader, himself a member of the church, placed the "big fiddle", as it was called, up in the corner of the church, when, as a good brother arose to speak, he turned to the big bass viol, shook his fist at it, and cried out: "Thank God, my wooden brother, you can't speak in class meeting."

All in all however, the memory of those services has been tenderly cherished in the heart of many an old timer, as among the most pleasant of the many recollections of pioneer life and times.



A typical pair of the old time brass And-Irons.

The picture was made from a pair said to have been in use in the home of President Martin Van Buren, at Kinderhook, New York.



A very good idea of some of the social and financial conditions which prevailed during the years covered by the "clearing up" period of our country, may be gained by an inspection of old account books kept in the stores and shops of those days. Such records reveal, to a large extent, the habits, tastes and circumstances also of pioneer families.

With that purpose in view the writer was, a few years since, permitted to look over a journal kept in the store of Augustus D'Autremont at Angelica, N. Y., which covered a period from Oct. 29, 1817, to Aug. 13, 1819. The following items are thought proper to quote in this connection.

Alvin Burr is charged with 1-4 yard bear skin for padding (?) 62 1-2c. (He was a son-in-law of Major Moses Van Campen, a lawyer and surveyor). At another time he is charged

with "1-2 pound of raisins at 3 shillings per pound." Probably they "had company" at his house, and half a pound would answer the immediate requirements, but how does the price compare with "7 pounds for 25c" as we have seen in recent years? A paper of pins, the old fashioned ones of course, with twisted heads, often slipping off, is charged at 37 1-2c, while on the same page appears a credit of "8 quarts of black raspberries, 25c."

John Kinghorn, the pioneer tanner, is credited with "9 sides of upper leather, and 20 pairs of shoes, \$61.25," and to show that Mr. Kinghorn indulged in some fine things at least, he is charged with "1 3-4 yards superfine B. cloth at \$8.00-\$14.00". Such charges as these are found: "1 cow bell, \$2.25: 1 pr. of cards \$1.50: 2 hats, \$5.00" Judge Philip Church is charged with "1 pound salt peter, \$1.00", also "2 pounds Muscovado sugar at 2 shillings sixpence": while Amos Peabody is charged with "3 1-4 pounds sugar at 3 shillings sixpence, \$1.42"!

Jacob Post is credited "By cutting 16 cords wood at two shillings sixpence, \$5.00" and "one half months wages at \$10.00, \$5.00", and is charged with "1 pair taps, 25c: 1 hat \$5.00 and 1 vest, \$3.50." And here is an entry from which we catch the first glimpse of the commercial traveller. "Aug. 24, 1818, Bought this day from Mr. Sidmon, their agent, \$260.00 of goods of G. Washburn & Co".

Here is something that would paralyze some of the wealthy people to day even. "John Galt, Dr. To 1 1-4 yards superfine B. cloth at \$10.00, \$12.50". This was evidently for a pair of trousers. Now when Mr. Galt had bought his trimmings and paid his tailor's bill his "pantaloon" would be found to cost him anywhere from \$16.00 to \$20.00."

John Moore is credited with "2 dressed deer skins \$1.12 1-2".

If John Galt had been a hunter and had paid for his trousers in dressed deer skins at the rate Mr. Moore was

credited, it would have taken more than seventeen of them to settle the score!

Wolf scalp certificates were negotiable, and were, with some, as current as the bank notes of the times. Mr. D'Autremont had a wolf scalp account as appears by this. "Wolf scalps, Dr. To wolf scalp certificates, \$185.00" and all along are found entries of transactions in wolf scalps and certificates, as, June 4, 1819, "Wm. Foster, Cr, by full grown wolf \$20.00".

Cash is credited with "expenses to go and see saltpetre mine", but no amount is specified against it, and where was the mine?

The charges for liquor of various kinds were frequent, as many as fifteen of such being found on one page, and some of the most prominent names were found in connection with charges for rum, brandy, gin, whiskey and wine, the price for whiskey being 25c, per gallon. "My account" is found charged with "4 pigeons from Oliver S. King, 16c", and a day's work same party 62 1-2c.

The price of deer meat fluctuated from 3c to 10c per pound, and for years, in bartering with the Indians, a loaf of bread would bring a saddle of venison. Near to and sometimes at places quite remote from the reservations the Indians were frequent customers at the stores, bringing venison, peltry, baskets, butter ladles etc. to barter for such goods and trinkets as pleased them.

But it is needless to pursue these entries further. Enough has been given to materially assist one, if possessed of only an ordinary imagination, in making a tolerably correct estimate of many of the conditions prevailing in those times, and perhaps cause him to wonder how those early settlers could succeed as well as they did in conquering the imposing difficulties with which they were beset.





# Conditions Improve.

x x x : patient labor plied

The ringing axe; and from his old domain,  
Fled drowsy solitude; while far and wide,

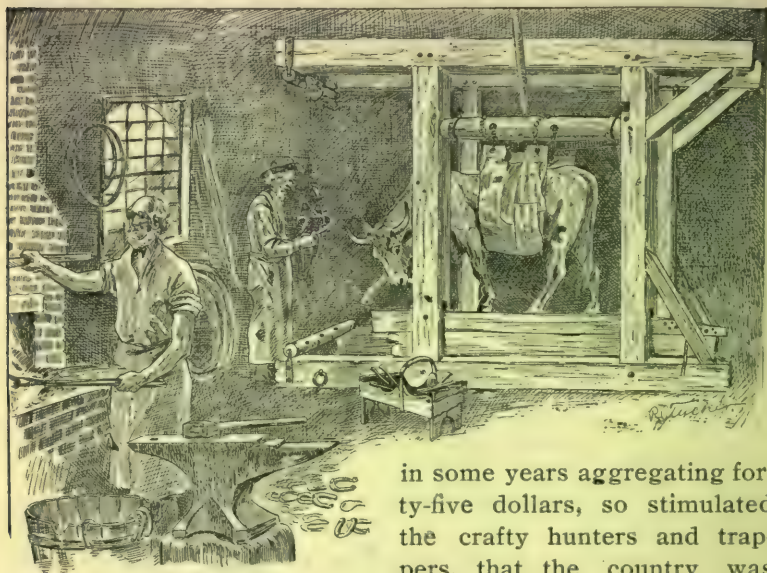
The scene grew bright with fields of golden grain,  
And orchards robed in bloom on hill and sunny plain.

Hosmer.

For years only the fields devoted to crops were enclosed. Next to the brush fence, came the old Virginia worm or zig zag fence, made of rails, the foundation generally of logs. The woods were depended upon for pasture and the tinkle of cow bells was heard in every direction. Some one of the boys went after the cows just at nightfall and if he were detained beyond a reasonable time, a gun would be fired to assure him of the right direction to the house. Leeks were plentiful and

the butter generally tainted. So, to make it palatable, a leek or piece of an onion would be provided for each one to be eaten before using the butter.

The deer population of the new country was immense, and the trusty rifle was depended upon largely for the supply of venison which was a staple meat diet. The grand old woods were full of wolves and sheep raising was attended with much risk, and no small item of expense. But the large bounties,



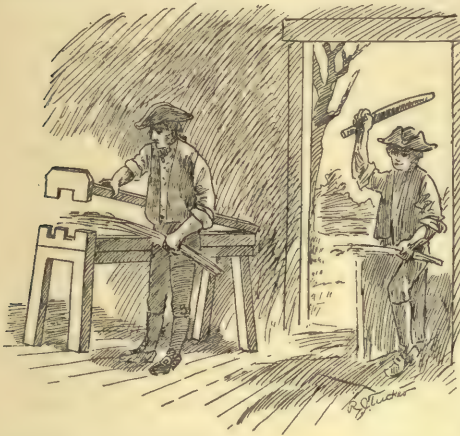
in some years aggregating forty-five dollars, so stimulated the crafty hunters and trappers, that the country was practically cleared of them by 1840.

Ox teams were very much in evidence, and every blacksmith shop was provided with a frame in which they were swung up and their feet strapped in proper position for shoeing.

Mr. Harrison Crandall of Belmont furnished the photo from which the pen and ink sketch of the ox frame was made. It

is the last one in all that part of Allegany County, and is at least 65 years old.

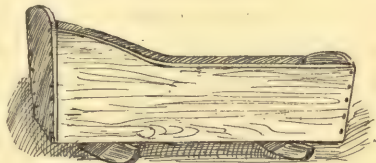
The clothing was of the home spun and home woven variety mostly. A small patch of flax to furnish tow and linen, and a few sheep to supply the



wool for the family use, were considered indispensable with the average pioneer husbandman. The little flax wheel, propelled by pressing the foot on a treadle, upon which was spun the tow and linen thread, to be woven into the coarser and finer cloth for the family, was an article familiar to every

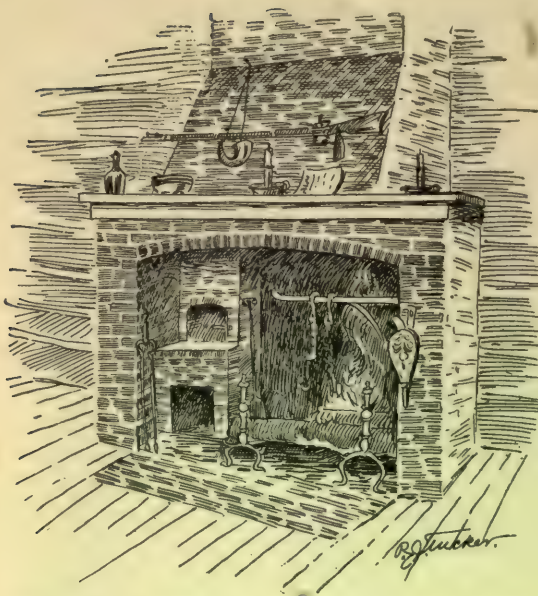
thrifty household. As soon as the sheep were shorn, the wool was hurried off to the carding mill, which might be thirty or more miles distant. One settler would often take the entire crop of the neighborhood, and when the wool had been made into rolls for spinning, another neighbor would go after them.

And then the spinning season would begin. Many and many of the silver locked people of our time can say that the hum of their mother's spinning wheel was the sweet



lullaby which soothed them to sleep in the rude old cradle which, perchance, may have been as in fact it really was, in some instances, a sap trough!





After a while, as conditions improved, a better class of fire places was made of brick, and fashioned with solid jams, from which a crane was hung provided with the proper appendages which greatly facilitated cooking operations. If beside such fire places was con-

structed an arched brick oven, with a flue opening into the chimney, it was considered a strictly up-to-date affair in every particular.

Spring beds and mattresses were things yet in the dim and distant future; so geese were quite generally kept to furnish feathers for beds and pillows. The furniture of the pioneer's cabin was always plain, except in some possible instances where the young wife had left a home of affluence in the east, and brought along with her some treasured household effects. The bed-steads were generally of the square legged variety, sometimes ruder still, with rope or bark cordage. Sometimes an awning overhead called a tester, around which ran a fringe or network tipped with little tassels, was attached to the tall bed posts. Those who indulged in such extravagance were supposed to be well-to-do people.



Wooden benches with high backs, and long enough for two or three, served for chairs, and were called settles, and the chairs were generally of the splint bottomed variety, still occasionally met with. Rocking chairs were few and far between. Cross legged tables made of good pine were used for common purposes,

and the brooms were of splint, made of an evening, with a sharp jackknife, from some good straight specimen of birch sapling. But the pride of many a pioneer housewife centered in her best coverlets. In all the different processes of manufacture, the selection of the wool, the spinning, the twisting, the coloring, the weaving, the best possible work, material and coloring, were employed. Some of them were decidedly



artistic. Occasionally, in these days, one is met with, which commands much praise and admiration, and is held of course as an heirloom, above all price: a veritable beauty.

Wooden plates and pewter platters were still in use, but the table ware, though generally plain, sometimes presented fine specimens of crockery. The food of the pioneer was plain, but hearty and abundant, except in some seasons of unusual scarcity like that of 1817, succeeding the "cold season" of

1816. During that year there was actual suffering in most parts of the country. But that was exceptional. Indian bread, mush and milk, samp and milk, Johnny cake and milk, salt pork, venison, corned beef and potatoes, and hulled corn, were the usual variations, while

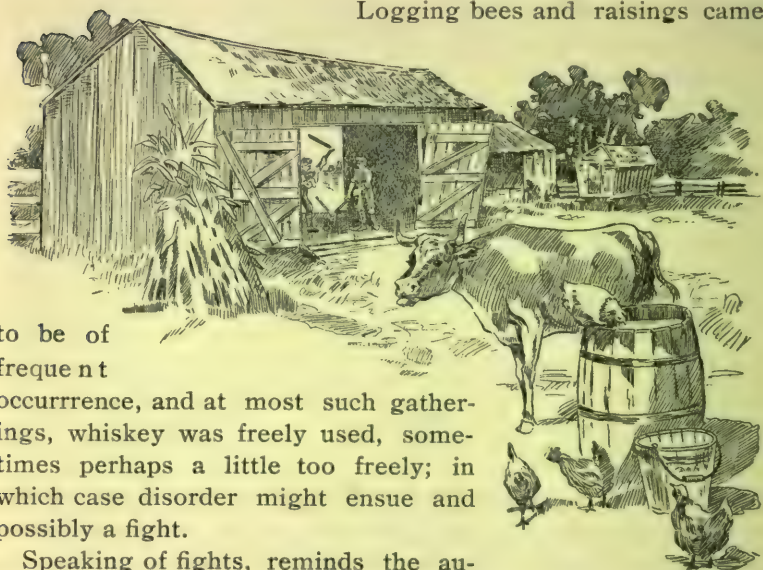
"Bean porridge hot,  
Bean porridge cold,  
Bean porridge best  
When it's nine days old"

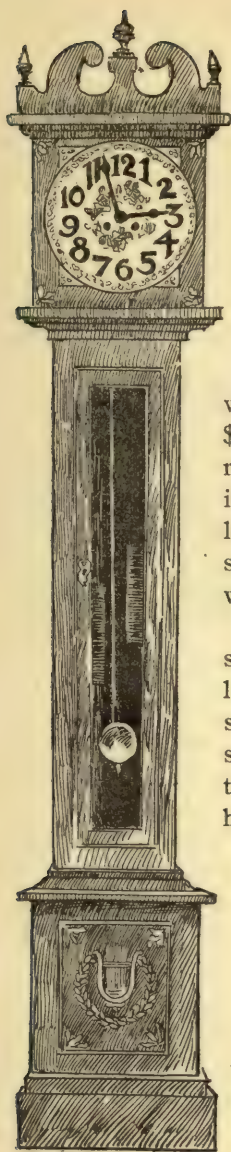
was a stand-by with many.

Logging bees and raisings came

to be of frequent occurrence, and at most such gatherings, whiskey was freely used, sometimes perhaps a little too freely; in which case disorder might ensue and possibly a fight.

Speaking of fights, reminds the author that in looking over the court records, the fact is disclosed that cases of assault and battery were of frequent occurrence during the earlier years of settlement, and many names of men, prominent in early history, are found to be associated with such cases as parties. It





would seem that they took it into their heads at times, to settle their own differences, instead of going to court, and frequently the vanquished party would get the other indicted. Sometimes those indictments were dropped: in other cases, moved: and the aggressor would be fined. The fines in such cases ran from \$2.50 to \$10.00, though \$5.00 was more generally imposed: which leads directly to the conclusion that the fellow who was fined \$2.50 didn't hurt the other fellow much, while \$5.00 paid for a good drubbing, and \$10.00 meant a good sound thrashing. The reason for the appearance of this is that if it was not mentioned, and some curious fellow looking over those dusty old records should find it, he might complain that the whole story had not been told, you see!

Quilting and paring bees were popular in some settlements. They were usually followed by a dance in the evening. Spelling schools, singing schools, and even writing schools, with occasional religious services in the school house, or some good sized private house or barn, if weather conditions favored,

conducted by some travelling missionary, filled up the measure of the seasons. In case of death, the coffin was made by the nearest carpenter and joiner, and the dead was borne to his grave in the best wagon suitable for the purpose in the settlement, or carefully carried to his last resting place by his neighbors on a bier. Then perhaps some handy settler, with improvised chisel and hammer, would rudely,



but reverently, carve on some stone block or slab from the creek bottom, the name and the dates of birth and death of the dead, and place it at the head of his grave. Some such are still to be found in our old cemeteries.

A semi, or tri-weekly mail carrier on horseback, delivered letters at the post office for from 25 cents down, as the years passed, the sendee paying the postage, sometimes leaving it a month or more till he could get the money. But few newspapers were taken, and sometimes two or three would club together to take one.

The grain was all sown by hand, cut with sickle or cradle, and thrashed with a flail. Going to the mill sometimes involved a day's journey going, and the same for return.



Mixed in with all these was the company drill and the general training: the circus had already become well established, and the clown, in fantastic costume, sporting stripes of many colors, his face so deftly painted as to show a mouth stretched from ear to ear, as he sang, as no one else could ever hope to sing, that inspiring old ballad "Betsey Baker", had so won the hearts of the small boy of the period, as to make one of the most pleasant memories of some of the white haired octogenarians of this twentieth century.

All this while still the old log school house teemed with its crowds of rustic pupils. And so, for all the world, there seemed to be as much happiness and real unalloyed enjoyment to the square mile in those days, as in the present, with clubs galore, cityfied manners, railroads, telegraphs, telephones, phonographs, bicycles and automobiles.





## Whipping THE Cat

"Scat! Go away pussy". But pussy didn't go. She kept right on playing with the waxed ends, and as the shoemaker swiftly drew the threads, she was soon caught in one of the loops, when "Get away I tell you" came in a very much vexed and

excited tone of voice from the angered shoemaker, followed, as soon as the cat could be extricated, by "Say, Mrs. Baker, that cat is just making me mad. She plays with the waxed-ends, she's mixed my pegs all up, and tipped over the blacking bottle. I can't work with her raising the 'Old Harry' all the time. Shall I whip her?" "Yes", said Mrs. Baker, "just give her a good whipping and I guess she'll keep away". "Give her a good smart one. I'll risk the cat".

So, watching for an opportunity, he soon succeeded in laying on two or three smart blows with a strap. Ever after, that cat kept at a respectful distance from the shoemaker. That

was just about that particular shoemaker's experience in the many homes he visited, and incidents like this were happening all over the country.

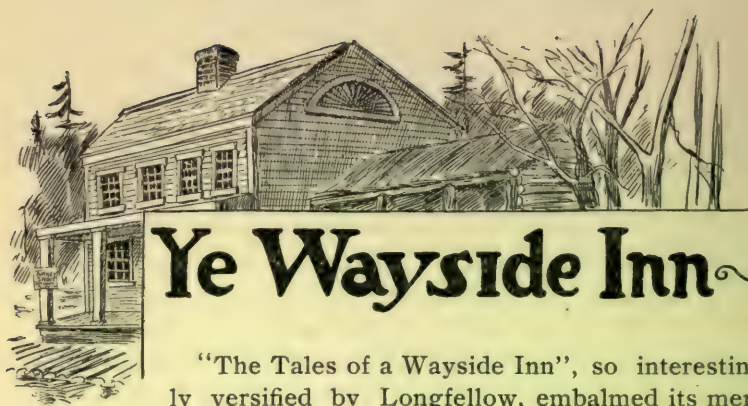
But what of it? Oh, nothing, only it was in this way that the practice of the early shoemaker in going from house to house, and staying at each place till every foot in the family was provided with boots or shoes, as the case might be, for the year, came to be called "whipping the cat". In short it came so that when some member of a family where the shoemaker's appearance had long been delayed, went to hunt him and hurry him up, he would ask, "When are you going to whip our cat?" or would say, perhaps, "You said you would whip our cat week before last. Now, if you don't come right off, we will have to look up some one else, for it is soon going to be too cold to go barefoot".

In no other article of apparel, and the methods employed to produce it, has the change been so noticeable, as in foot gear. The moccasin of the Indian was appropriated and copied by some of the settlers in the vicinity of the reservations, and for purposes of hunting and tramping in the woods, had no superior. Indeed that primitive article of foot-clothing is still worn by professional hunters, and finds champions even in refined society. They were light and easy, warm and comfortable, and when made of the genuine Indian tanned deer skin, and in the real aboriginal style, sewed with sinews, they were very serviceable and also admitted of elaborate ornamentation. But our pioneers could not, neither did they care to go far, in imitation of their immediate predecessors in such matters, and the moccasin too, was illy adapted to rough work among roots and stumps.

They had occasionally to take off the hide of an ox, or cow, or steer, killed by accident or for purposes of food, and this was taken to the nearest tannery, in some cases a long dis-

tance from home, and there sold, or left to be tanned on shares, or for a price to be paid when taken away. In this way sides of leather were found in most of the settlers homes, and in some instances they accumulated so as to be quite considerable in numbers. The whipping of the cat was looked forward to with pleasurable anticipations, and during the shoemaker's stay in the family, the younger members would watch his proceedings with much interest: and when he was a jolly, good natured man, which was quite likely to be the case, they would greatly enjoy the time devoted to shoeing up the family. In some instances, whipping the cat was delayed till the family was greatly in need, and sore distress was experienced.

In course of time boots and shoes came to be made in the shops in the villages and hamlets. The shops were frequently connected with tanneries, and as many as ten or a dozen shoemakers would be employed. During the "whipping the cat" period, the boots and shoes were made on straight lasts, and many people practiced changing them every day to secure an even wear of sole and heel. When the storekeepers began to exhibit stocks of ready made boots and shoes, they were made to conform more nearly to the shape of the foot: people called them rights and lefts, and they seemed very odd indeed. A man who naturally toed out so much as to excite comment, purchased a pair of the new fangled boots. In a few days he again appeared at the store. His habit of changing his boots had become so firmly established, that he still kept it up with his new boots. The merchant noticed his feet, and observing that his toeing out was greatly exaggerated in apperance, said to him "Why, Mr. Blank, you've got your boots on wrong. Your right boot is on your left foot, and your left boot is on your right foot". "Can't help it sir, can't help it. I always change my boots, sir", was the response.



# Ye Wayside Inn

“The Tales of a Wayside Inn”, so interestingly versified by Longfellow, embalmed its memory in the hearts of, and endeared its story to thousands of appreciating readers. But the Wayside Inn was as distinctly peculiar to this new country, as the one he so celebrated in song “in Sudbury Town” and others, were to people “down east”, or,

“As any in the land may be,  
Built in the old Colonial day,  
When men lived in a grander way,  
With ampler hospitality”:

and our wayside inn was just what the name implies. Those wayside inns of our new country were scattered along the routes of greatest travel, and were built without any reference to villages present or prospective. It was however generally considered a favorable circumstance if the location happened at some four corners or forks of the road, and indeed in some cases, the four corners or forks, were made to conform to the location of the inn.



Railroads and Automobiles were many years in the future, and the most popular and aristocratic mode of travel was by private conveyance, or the old fashioned stage coach drawn by



four horses, over only the best and most travelled of the roads, leaving the larger part to be done by a great variety of conveyances, a large proportion over roads less travelled, and vastly inferior in construction. The great stage route from Albany to Buffalo, following for a considerable part of the way the famous "Ridge Road", was in active operation. A main road from the south eastern part of the state passed through Elmira, Corning, Canisteo, Hornellsville, Angelica, Cuba to Olean, or "Olean Point" as it was called by many, where emigrants to the "far west" took passage on boats and rafts on the swollen waters of the Allegheny.

Another road from Auburn through Canandaigua, Leicester, Perry, and from thence to Olean became the famous "Allegany Road" and travel constantly increasing, many of the thrifty farmers along the main roads, conceived the idea of constructing commodious houses partitioned off into rooms, convenient

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Note—Readers who are acquainted with the locality, will discern historic Villa Belvedere, the old time seat of the Church family near Belvidere, N. Y. The coach and four are shown crossing the last wooden bridge on the upper Genesee.

for the entertainment of guests, and in this way they converted their surplus of hay and oats, potatoes and other vegetables, into money. During the earlier years, many of these hostleries were built of logs, notably those of Col. Samuel H. Morgan, near Cuba, Chauncey G. Ingham, at Hume, a quite noted one at Bath, and one on site of International Hotel at Niagara Falls. In due time framed additions, often larger than the original log structures, would appear, and more than probable, a dancing hall would be provided; for we must not forget that dancing was indulged in to a considerable extent in those times.

Many of these wayside inns became quite popular with the travelling public, and the emigrants to the west, while others, owing largely to the peculiar personal characteristics of the proprietor, came in time to be shunned. Indeed it was the custom of those passing over the road, to inform their friends in the east who contemplated making the same journey, as to the merits or demerits of the different places along the route, freely advising them where to stop, and where not to stop.

The landlords of the wayside inns came to be extensively acquainted with people of other sections, and the best posted on current events of any in their several neighborhoods. All sorts of people were constantly passing, and with every conceivable style of outfit, from the cumbrous covered emigrant wagon, to the latest production of the New York or Albany carriage maker. Newspapers were few, and the landlords of those inns, varying of course with their differing aptness and degrees of inquisitiveness, gathered the accounts of flagrant crimes, serious assaults and murders, from travellers more or less loquacious, and of evenings, or whenever John Smith, Sam Skinner, Hank Strong, Nehemiah Radwin, all or any of them, with their friends, were indulging in the social glass, would regale them with the same, cut up in chunks for retail purposes, and as likely as anyway embellished, and perhaps,

enlarged and amplified in due accord with their ability for such performances.

The wide awake, up to date and fairly inquisitive innkeeper was acquainted with all the public men who traveled his way. Judges, senators, members of Congress, and even Governors, and aspiring young politicians, he knew them all, and with many of them was on terms of close intimacy.



Those wayside inns were the scenes of much festivity, of many pleasant gatherings, great mirth and good cheer. Gathered around the cheerful fire of the spacious bar room, the neighbors and guests discussed the events of the war of 1812, like Perry's victory, and the incidents in the battles of Queens-

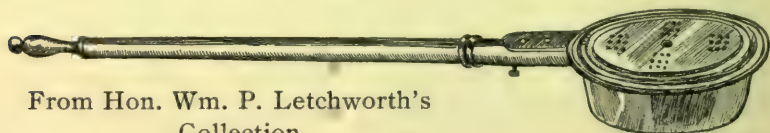


town, Lundy's Lane and Chippewa were rehearsed: and when the battle of New Orleans was fought, the news found lodgment in every one of them, to be dispensed to Tom, Dick and Harry as they quaffed their toddy over the bar, or stopped at the door to tell some neighborhood happening. And so with the Seminole war, the Patriot war, and the Mexican war.

Song singing was a favorite amusement, and the new country boasted of many who had excellent voices, and a large repertoire of patriotic, sentimental and lovesick songs, which were sung as the company sat around the cheerful fireplace fire. At the wayside inn the strolling ventriloquist and "sleight of hand" magician would hold forth to delighted country people, seated on benches improvised from boards and planks.

Hardy and courageous troops of concert singers have been known to discourse their sweet songs from the same "boards" to the same benches more or less populated with admiring auditors. Occasionally some travelling missionary would be accorded the use of the hall for religious meetings, and the dancing room has more than once been the scene of the first religious meeting of the town or settlement. It is a tradition that the minister on some of those occasions, was thought to be more nimble of thought and tongue, from taking a glass of good warm flip dexterously prepared by the landlord just before the services!

In the better class and most popular houses of pioneerdom, the guests were supplied with slippers when they retired for the night, leaving their boots and shoes paraded about the ample hearth, and the warming pan was freely used in the beds,



From Hon. Wm. P. Letchworth's  
Collection.



the most of which were in rooms not warmed, and some quite remote from any fires. By filling the pan with good live coals, and deftly moving it between the sheets, a bed, albeit in a room of zero temperature, was made quite comfortable in a very few minutes to the great satisfaction and delight of the occupant.

In the days of the wayside inn, all the beef cattle were driven to New York and other markets in droves, and some of the keepers of those inns made a business of keeping them, having large pasture fields securely fenced, and well provided with water, and derived considerable profit from the business. If it happened that the wayside inn was favorably situated, as at some prominent four corners, and easily accessible to a large extent of country, the company drills and general trainings would be held there, also turkey shoots, in which case the innkeeper was sure to derive considerable revenue from the crowds which always attended.

Many of the old structures built during the second quarter of the last century, are still standing, and the practiced eye will at once detect them. As a rule the better class, which were stately, two storied edifices, guiltless of any attempt at a porch, wore on their gable ends, the inevitable "sunbursts" of those days. Some of the more ambitious private houses of the day were so ornamented, and architecture, like history and fashion, repeating itself, they are again coming into vogue, though in a somewhat modified form.

## Bill Moseley's Turkey Shoot.



Bill Moseley, of Butternut Flats, had succeeded in raising a full hundred turkeys. They had been carefully tended and bountifully fed and were in prime condition, the best in all the parts. When the cold, frosty nights came on, he began to think of disposing of them, for his stock of turkey food was getting low. Bill's was not the only flock of turkeys in that section, and their cash value was low, lower considerably than their roosts, even if they roosted on the fence. So after duly

considering the matter, he concluded to put them up to be shot at, and have a first-class turkey shoot.

Bill was a jolly fellow and his acquaintance was extensive. He was also sharp and quick witted, and in matters of deal, though perfectly responsible, would bear watching: in fact he needed it, for his conscience was of the adjustable kind, quite elastic, and could be accomodated to almost any conceivable condition.

Bugville was in the midst of beautiful Butternut Flats and boasted of its Eagle Tavern, a store and post office, grist mill, wagon shop, cooper's shop, blacksmith and shoe shop, with a tannery in process of erection. A new stage route had been established, with Bugville for one of its terminals, and the city the other, the distance covered being just a good days drive over fairly passable roads; the two stages meeting for dinner at the Half Way Tavern at Oak Hill.

Joe Jackson, one of the drivers, and Bill Moseley, had come to be great friends and boon companions. Joe had a brother who was a printer in the city, and he persuaded Bill to let him get his brother to print some bills for him, claiming that he could get it done a little better and a little cheaper than anyone else, and would bring them out free of charge. Bill's pride was appealed to, as it would be the first turkey shoot to be advertised with printed bills in all that section.

Joe did the business up in good shape, as appears by the bill.

#### TURKEY SHOOT!

The undersigned will put up—100 GOOD FAT TURKEYS near

The Eagle Tavern, Bugville,

to be shot at by all who wish a good Christmas or New Year's Dinner, for a little money.

Resting shot at	40 rods	10c
Off-hand shot at	40 rods	5c
Resting shot at	30 rods	15c
Off-hand shot at	30 rods	10c

Any shot drawing blood takes the bird.

Bill Jones of Hardscrabble, and Sam Weller of Beaver Meadows, are barred, but may shoot at double rates if they wish to. Shoot to begin at one o'clock in the afternoon of December 23, 1835.

Bugville, Dec. 15, 1835.

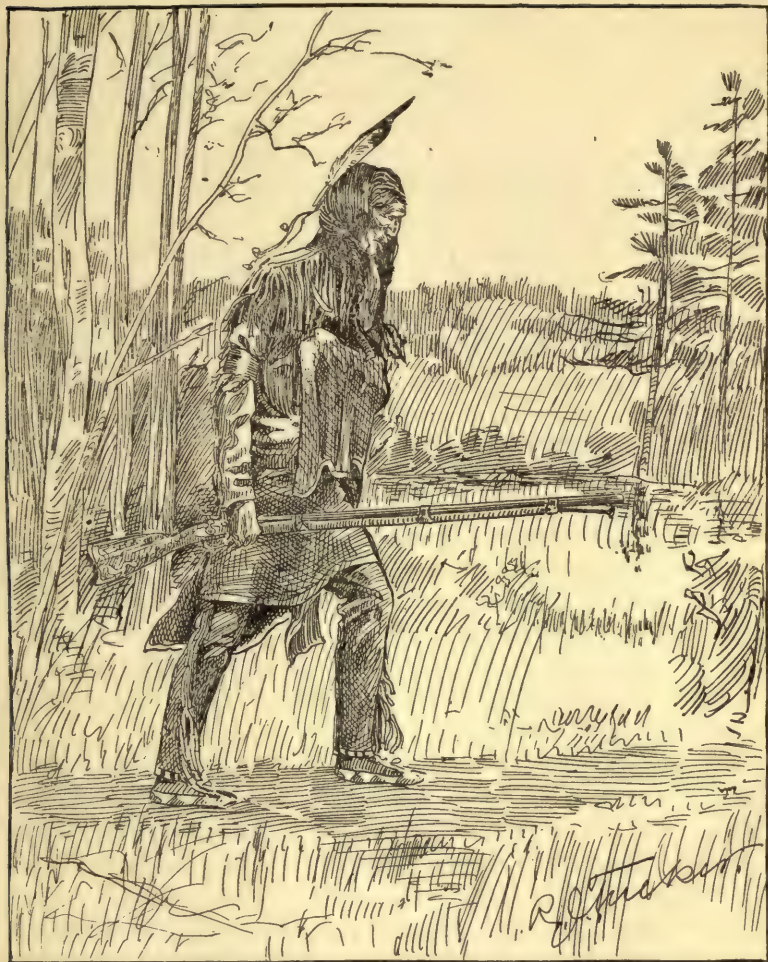
WILLIAM MOSELEY.

Jones and Weller of course were not well pleased, but they had to stand it. It was however somewhat consoling, as it justified their claim to be the best marksmen in the neighborhood. Mosely didn't care to sell his turkeys for 5 and 10 cents a piece. The bills were industriously posted and the shoot came off as advertised. The day was fine, and the crowd was large. Three or four city sports, Joe Jackson's particular friends, came out in the stage the day before, and when Deacon Mosher awoke that morning, he was surprised to find a good fire started, and Billey Bowlegs, Sam Sundown and Tom Trimsharp, Indians from the reservation, in full possession of the kitchen, having arrived sometime after midnight, and finding the door unfastened, a habit of the deacon's of which, doubtless, they were aware. The Indians were expert in shooting deer.

The shooting began promptly at the appointed time, and, for a while, was very lively. It was indeed a noisy afternoon for Bugville. With an eye to business, Moseley had, through his agents, so largely promoted the sale of drinks at the bar of the Eagle, that by 3 o'clock, it looked as if he would take in money enough to net a good price for all his turkeys, and still have half of them left.

Just then there came a load of six men from the Brier Hill settlement, nearly twenty miles away, every one of them a crack shot. Bill knew of them, but it never occurred to him that the wide publicity the printed bills would give his turkey-shoot, would attract marksmen from so far, and they were not barred. The captain of the Brier Hill shooters, Jim Swanzy,





TOM TRIMSHARP, on his way to the Turkey Shoot.  
Ugh! Golly! Gess me shoot em sum turkey too-hey!

was a full match in every particular for Bill Moseley, and had through a spy, secured the exact measurements of the distances

at which Moseley's turkeys were to be shot at, and their guns and charges had been thoroughly tested, and the men were as thoroughly sober. (Parenthetically it may be remarked that the distances at which the turkeys were placed were sometimes found to be much longer than was claimed by the owners). The old crowd became hilarious, and the frequency of drinks began to tell on their nerves, and many wild shots were the result. At once the Brier Hill fellows began to shoot, and the birds were picked off with amazing rapidity.

Bill's "heart was in his boots" in short order, at seeing his turkeys go so cheap, and his friends showed their friendship by making every effort to induce the Brier Hillers to drink, and were ready to treat to any extent. But they stoutly refused, expressing their thanks, and saying "they were too busy just then, but would accomodate them when they got through shooting", and they kept right on till the last turkey was put up and won, hardly giving the other fellows a chance. At one time Bill's friends suggested to him that a number of birds might in some way be held back, secreted or taken away, and something in that line was actually attempted: but the Brier Hill chaps were "on to their job". Their spy detected and stopped it. He had kept a strict count of all the birds shot and would allow no fooling.

Forty eight turkeys were won by the sharp rifles of Brier Hill. Some were killed outright, others were maimed so as to make it an act of mercy to kill them, while a full half of the number were only slightly hurt, and some required an expert to detect blood.

Throwing the dead turkeys into the wagon-box, and the others into a large dry-goods box, all the arrangements for the home journey were completed; when, as they promised in the beginning, they were ready to drink with the Bugville chaps, who could not—with good grace—withdraw their offers. So they repaired to the tavern and the spacious bar-room was soon

filled with the crowd, and whiskey straight, hot "Tom and Jerry," toddy and flip and cider, flowed freely. If the Brier Hill fellows were good shooters, they were as good patrons of the bar, and while in a near by building, a lot of turkeys won by the Butternut Flats fellows, were being raffled for by one party of men, while others were engaged in the old time practice of "snuffing the candle", that is, shooting at a lighted candle for a mark, they continued to imbibe, to tell stories, to sing, dance and have a jolly good time.

As the hours passed, the moon showed full above the hills, and it was time for the Brier Hill fellows to start for home. But they were in no condition to go. Some were too full for utterance, others filled up just far enough to swash about, while no one of the party was capable of driving the team. This was Bill Moseley's opportunity, and he was quick to embrace it. He felt sort of worked up over the result, and now saw a chance for revenge, and possibly for recovering some of his turkeys. His lieutenants were ready to carry out his plans. For the first four or five miles the road, over which the Brier Hill people had to travel, was in a horrid condition, and, in places, almost impassable. So Bill, in the goodness (?) of his large heart, offered to send an escort of two men who were entirely sober, one to drive, and the other to help in bad places till they should get to where the road was better, and possibly also until they were sobered up.

They started. It was indeed a queer load. The dead turkeys, the live turkeys, making more or less noise, the drunken men, some hardly able to sit up, and the hilarious ones who wouldn't keep still, and made lots of noise. They made fair progress, however, till they reached a bad place along a dug-way, where the driver made some miscalculation and allowed a wheel to get too near the bank, when the conglomeration of live and dead turkeys and more or less drunken men, was precipitated some fifteen feet below, among the shrubs, bushes



and tree tops. The horses, by some fortunate breakage of irons, kept the road with the driver who, at the time, was plodding along afoot.

The miserable dry-goods box, a rickety old thing at the best, went to pieces, and the turkeys were liberated and scattered in every direction. It was near morning before the wagon was back in the road, but the men from Brier Hill were so completely sobered as to resume their way with their dead turkeys, and the loss of the live ones was more than balanced by their good luck in escaping serious injuries.

Mike Parsons and Dave Sanborn, Bill Moseley's men, at once retraced their steps to Bugville, and informed him just where turkey shooting might be found good for a short time: and Bill of course was in condition to profit by the knowledge thus gained.

Two of the city chaps secured a turkey each, after expending many shots: but they were out just for fun and they made a lot of it for themselves and the whole crowd, who gazed with curious interest on their cityfied clothing, polished boots and queer manners. Of the Indians, Tom Trimsharp was the only one who won a bird, for though good shoots for deer, they were soon gloriously drunk, and in no condition for shooting, though they wasted many shots, and so had so much less money to spend for SNICK-E-I.

Ephraim Thornton, "mine host" of the Eagle, counted considerable revenue from the barn, meals and drinks: indeed he was ever after known to brag of it as the best day he ever had. Bill Moseley was well suited with the final outcome, and general satisfaction prevailed. Even Deacon Mosher, who had to harbor and endure the Indians the night after, was pleased with the first turkey shoot ever advertised with printed bills in Bugville.



# COMPANY DRILLS *and* GENERAL TRAINING.



During the Log School House Period, the old Militia System of the state was in operation, and all the able bodied white male citizens, between 18 and 45 years of age, were held liable to do military duty. All the officers of each brigade or battalion were required to rendezvous two days in succession in June, July or August, for drill, under the brigade inspector. A day was also appointed for the commissioned officers and musicians of the regiment to meet for drill. This was usually the day after the last mentioned gathering. A general training, or parade, and review of each brigade occurred once in each year.

"General training" was the day of all days in the year's calendar, that was looked forward to with the liveliest anticipations, by old and young, all ages and conditions. The small boy of the time, who had succeeded in gathering a few pennies, would extract more real enjoyment from the gingerbread he could buy with them, than the lads of our time get from as

many shillings, or perhaps dollars, expended in the fashionable nicknacks of the day. Most everything else had, for the time, to give way for general training. All turned out to have a jolly good time.

The commanding officer appointed the time, place of meeting, and extent of the parade ground. It was by his permission only, that spirituous liquors were sold on the grounds. "Total abstinence" on these occasions was not the rule.

The words of another will be used in the following humorous description of the general training and the crowds attending. Of course the account is only typical of the average of such parades and crowds, and is probably only applicable to the last years of the old general training period. Possibly it may be slightly overdrawn, but the reader can allow the usual discount, and thus get pretty near to the actual truth in regard to those gatherings after the old militia system had fallen into disrepute, and was made the subject of much ridicule, mirth and frivolity.

"Although the companies exhibited the elite of our regimental splendors, glittering with tinsel and flaunting with feathers, a more heterogenous and unsoldierly parade could hardly be imagined. There were the elect from the mountains, who sometimes marched to the rendezvous barefooted, carrying their boots and soldier clothes in a bundle: the ambitious cobblers, tailors and plowboys from the cross road hamlets, and remote rural districts, short, tall, fat, skinny, bow-legged, sheep-shanked, cock-eyed, hump-shouldered and sway-backed, equipped by art as economically, awkwardly and variously, as they were endowed by nature: uniformed in contempt of all uniformity, armed with old flint-lock muskets, horseman's carbines, long squirrel rifles, double barrelled shotguns and bell muzzled blunderbusses, with side arms of as many different patterns, from the old dragoon saber of Harry Lee's Legion, to the slim basket hilted rapier which had probably

graced the thigh of some of our French allies in the Revolution.

"The officers of the volunteer companies, on the other hand, were generally selected for their handsome appearance and martial bearing, and shone with a certain elegance of equipment, each in the uniform pertaining to his company. There was also a sprinkling of veterans of 1812, recognizable by a certain martinet precision in their deportment, and a shadow of



contempt for their crude comrades, but quick to resent any extraneous comment derogatory to the service. A city dandy who undertook to ridicule the old fashioned way in which some officers carried their swords, was silenced by the snappish reply: 'Young man, I've seen the best troops of Great Britain beaten by men who carried their swords that way'.

"This harlequinade of equipment, costume and character, was duly paraded twice a day, marched through the streets, and put through its manoeuvres on the green common adjoining the village, much to the satisfaction of all emancipated school boys, ragmuffins, idlers, tavern-keepers, and cake and beer vendors, and somewhat, perhaps, to the weariness of industrious mechanics who had apprentices to manage, and busy housewives who depended on small boys for help".

Before 1850 the general training, and the officers' and company drills had so deteriorated as to become farcial and mirth-provoking in the extreme, fully matching in some instances the parade of fantastics in a modern Fourth of July procession.

Sometimes if too much of the ardent had been indulged in---those in the ranks cut up all sorts of pranks---the musicians also were sometimes affected, as witness those in the picture, particularly the fifer.

The dress of the officers and trappings of the horses were gaudy with gilt and tinsel. The old military chapeau, or the tall hat, surmounted with showy white and red feathers, the galloping to and fro, and the flashing of swords in the bright sunlight, made an enduring impression on the small boy of the time, the old man of to-day: and many an octogenarian will still insist that The General Training afforded more real genuine pleasure, the old fashioned circus possibly excepted, than any of the events of his boyhood days.



During the years of general training, the big woods were full of men carrying military titles; scarce a town but had its generals and as for colonels, captains and lieutenants, why every settlement, every hill and every hollow and four corners had them, enough and to spare.



# Jonathan Thatcher.

## A CHARACTER.



The pioneers of Western New York were not all saints by any means. Far from it. It may be also, that they averaged no better than the present population, if indeed as well. It must be confessed there were many extraordinary characters among the settlers. Some had made records as Indian fighters, some had been made captives by the Indians and had been assimilated, as it were, into their tribes, and given names, like Horatio Jones and Jasper Parrish. Some perhaps had been tories and took part with Indians and

British in the Revolution, and it is barely possible that the grand old woods furnished asylum for an occasional horse thief who was wanted in staid old Connecticut or Vermont, or villains of deeper dye who had fled from justice and sought refuge in this new country.

Another class who, if not very many, were numerous enough to supply every settlement with more than was wanted, were a lot of ne'er-do-wells who were not noted for piety, cleanliness

nor industry, nor had been famous for bloody encounters with the Indians. Some of this class were trappers and made a precarious livelihood by trading skins for powder and clothing, and some were farmers in a small way. All of them however were rovers and idlers.

Of this class was Jonathan Thatcher, as curious an old fellow as ever roamed through the woods. At various times he lived in Hume, Caneadea and Belfast, Allegany County, N. Y., but his fame covered all the upper Genesee country and spread considerably east and west: and from 1835 to 1865 he was more generally known all over the territory indicated, than any other man. He was the country's most extraordinary character. It was his habit to roam about constantly. Indeed, such was his reputation in this respect, that a man once offered to make a wager that he could start four men at the same time, from the corners at Fillmore, each taking a different road, and that each of them before going two miles, would meet Jonathan Thatcher, and that as many as two of them would meet Betsey his wife, trudging along behind, and no one dared to take the bet!

Jonathan had no remarkable talents. He certainly was not thrifty. As the picture indicates he was not over particular about his dress. No one ever presumed to call Jonathan a dude, and the one thing he hated above everything else, was soap. When soap was mentioned it would nearly throw him into convulsions. He didn't like it hard or soft, hot or cold, white or brown, plain or colored. He said it didn't agree with him, but he couldn't prove it, for no one knew of his ever trying it. No one who ever saw this wild man of the woods was able to forget him; and those to whom Jonathan did not appear in their dreams were counted lucky. Thatcher is supposed to be one of the twenty historic families which, tradition says, an enterprising land speculator introduced as settlers in a certain township on the Holland Purchase, as a condition of a bargain with Joseph Ellicott, the land agent at Batavia, where-

by he was to have a large tract of land at greatly reduced prices. The settlers moved in, the colony was established, and Ellicott sent a man to investigate. This man reported that he found a colony of twenty adult settlers, heads of families, but "if hell were raked with a fine toothed comb, another such lot could not be found".

Jonathan had two brothers, Mike and Jim, but neither achieved the peculiar fame that he enjoyed. As to the ancestry of the family, nothing trustworthy was ever learned. Mike however one day, inadvertently let in a little light on this interesting branch of the subject, but only in a negative way. A neighbor, who was something of a wag, one day said: "Mike there's a bad story started about you. It will hurt you if you can't stop it, for people are beginning to believe it". "What is it?" inquired Mike. "Why" said the neighbor, "they are saying that there is human blood in your veins". "It's a lie, an infernal lie" said Mike, "and I can prove it. I can lick the man that said it, too. There a'int a d——d drop of human blood in me, and never was".

Jonathan was a patriot. He said he was at Lundy's Lane and fought and bled, and came near dying for his country. When living near Belfast, Jonathan had a canoe, and one winter it was frozen in the ice. A great thaw came on. The ice breaking, Thatcher sought to secure his boat, when the swelling current moved the large cake of ice, in which the canoe was frozen, away from its moorings, and he was soon out on the swiftly running flood at the mercy of the elements. There was a dam a few miles below. Jonathan knew it, and was fully aware of the gravity of the situation. As he neared it, it is said he fervently prayed to God for deliverance and promised never to do another wicked thing. The dam was reached, the shock encountered in making the passage parted the canoe from the ice, Thatcher clinging to it with all the tenacity of a cat. By the help of some people who saw him

he was rescued from a watery grave. It was afterward told by some of his rescuers, that as soon as Jonathan was thoroughly assured of the fact that he was on terra firma, and safe, he exclaimed that "it was the d——dest flood he ever got into".

A whole volume might be written of anecdotes and adventures, reminiscent of Jonathan Thatcher, but for the purpose of this sketch the foregoing must suffice. As the years passed Jonathan and his wife grew old and became debilitated and, having no visible means of support, they were, against Jonathan's strong protests, taken "over the hill to the poor house". Their stay there was short. Subjected to a bath, housed in warm rooms, clad with clean rainment and supplied with wholesome, nourishing food, the change was so abrupt and decided, the shock so great, their systems, which had survived so many years of the old regime, gave way. Succumbing to the new, and what the world calls better conditions, their natures withstood, for a few days only, the effects of the shock, and they passed away.

No imposing shaft marks the resting place, nor gilded mausoleum received the remains of Jonathan Thatcher, yet his name will be handed down to, and his memory kept green by, generations yet unborn, who will gaze with a sort of listless admiration on the proud columns which bear the names of those of whom they have never heard, and are hardly curious enough to inquire.

Note—This chapter appeared some years since in the Rochester Post Express, and is the joint production of Mr. W. H. Samson, the managing editor of that paper, and the author: the first part of it being by Mr. Samson.



## Red Jacket.

**SA-GO-YA-WAT-HA.** (He keeps them awake.)



At the great council or treaty of Big Tree in September 1797, when the Indians parted with their title to most of western New York, to Robert Morris, nearly a dozen reservations of more or less extent, in the immediate vicinity of their principal villages, were made. On these reservations the In-

dians gathered and lived, and so, during the earlier years of the pioneer period, many of the settlers were close neighbors with them. The relation on the whole was pleasant and many of the pioneers became quite proficient in their language, and

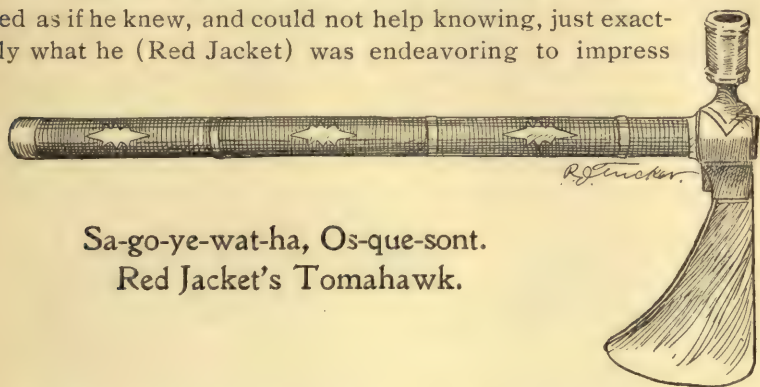
were able to converse with them with but little restraint.

In some cases the children of Indian parents attended the district schools, and made good progress in their studies. The acquaintance between the whites and the Indians came to be quite extensive, and the names of many of the more prominent of the Indians have been handed down from one generation to another, and are familiar to many still living. Always to be first spoken of in such connection was the renowned orator Red Jacket, a picture of whom heads this chapter. Aside from being a wonderful orator, he was a much travelled man, and frequently visited different parts of the country, generally on foot and following the centuries old trails, though sometimes, and always during his later years, he made his journeys astride a pony.

In those years he sometimes rode his pony out from his home near Buffalo to Batavia following "the white man's trail" (the old stage road), and at the old Eagle Tavern would engage in playing checkers, at which game it was said he was quite an expert. Between games, potations of the white man's fire water would be indulged in, and if the process of playing and drinking continued long enough, his ability to play a sharp game was considerably lessened. His wonderful power as an orator was nearly equalled by his appetite for drink, and it has been said that on several occasions he was known to pawn his Washington medal, of which he was especially proud, and which he prized very highly, and wore on all public occasions, for liquor.

He was thoroughly opposed to the policy of selling the Indian lands, and made powerful speeches in support of his position, nevertheless his name was always appended to the deeds of conveyance. He viewed with alarm the encroachments of the whites and the progress of settlement, and was said to be overcome with emotion when, in following the old trails, from one Indian village to another, he would come upon a fence

enclosing a clearing, or perhaps a field of wheat, and be compelled to make a detour to get into the trail again. The author has been treated by an eye and ear witness to a description of his style and manner when speaking. The gentleman said he knew the subject of the deliberations at the council, but not a word of the Indian tongue, and yet it seemed as if he knew, and could not help knowing, just exactly what he (Red Jacket) was endeavoring to impress



Sa-go-ye-wat-ha, Os-que-sont.  
Red Jacket's Tomahawk.

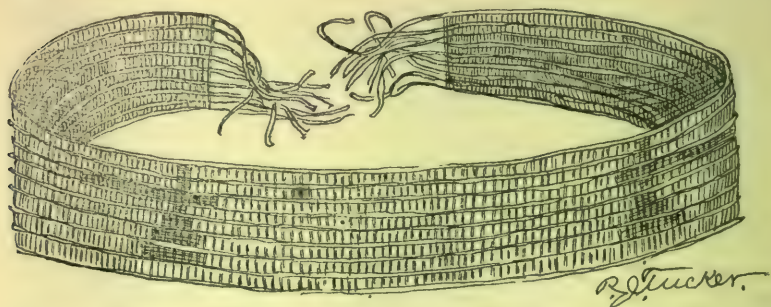
upon his auditors, for" said he, "he spoke with his hands and arms, his eyes and every feature of his face, and every movement of his body". He said it was "simply wonderful", and that he "had listened to many of the noted orators of his day, but none of them, in his opinion, equalled Red Jacket".

A short time before his death he visited the cabins of his most intimate friends, telling them he was passing away and his counsels would be heard no more, closing with these words which are indeed truly eloquent and are equal in classic beauty, to the great passages of the great orators not only of the past but of the present.

"I am about to leave you, and when I am gone and my warnings shall no longer be heard, nor regarded, the craft and avarice of the white man will prevail. Many winters have I breasted the storm, but I am an aged tree. I can stand no

longer. My leaves are fallen, my branches are withered, and I am shaken by every breeze. Soon my aged trunk will be prostrate, and the foot of the exulting foe of the Indian, may be placed upon it in safety; for I leave none who will be able to avenge such an indignity. Think not I mourn for myself. I go to join the spirits of my fathers, where age cannot come, but my heart fails when I think of my people, who are soon to be scattered and forgotten”.

Tall Chief, Little Beard, Long Beard, Destroy Town, Parrot Nose, Big Kettle, George Powderhorn, Young King, Pollard Cornplanter, Col. Shongo, Gov. Blacksnake, Copperhead, were the names of some of the Indians of note who were known to the pioneers.



Through the courtesy of Frank H. Severance, Secretary of the Buffalo Historical Society, Mr. Tucker was permitted to sketch the pipe-tomahawk and wampum belt, from the original articles in the collection of the society. So the reader can be assured that these pictures are correct in every detail; unlike in this respect, the many spurious ones which have been turned out by unscrupulous artists and writers on a confiding reading public.

The card of the Historical Society, reads “Red Jacket’s tomahawk. Presented to him by Washington”.

Os-que-sont is the Seneca for tomahawk, hatchet—axe, so Sa-go-ye-wat-ha, Os-que-sont is proper for Red Jacket’s hatchet or axe.



# Mary Jemison.

DE-HE-WA-MIS.

“The white woman of the Genesee”.



Mary Jemison, the white woman of the Genesee, was extensively known over a large part of western New York, during the last quarter of the 18th, and the first quarter of the 19th centuries. The pathetic story of her capture by the Indians and adoption into an Indian family, her seemingly satisfied life

among them, and her intermarriages with them, invested her life with much of the romantic: and the interesting account has been read and re-read by most people who are acquainted with western New York history.

The picture which accompanies this chapter is taken from a painting by Mr. Carlos Stebbins, of Pike, an artist of much celebrity. The painting is kept in the log cabin at Silver Lake. It was made by getting a symposium of the personal recollections of many old residents who knew her, and is supposed to convey a very clear idea of her appearance during the last years of her life. Those who are acquainted with

Mr. Stebbins' portrait, will at once detect a little change about the head and feet, which Mr. Tucker felt warranted in making in copying. She died on the Buffalo reservation in 1833, and was there buried, but in March 1874, Hon. Wm. P. Letchworth, with the consent of her descendants and all interested, caused her remains to be removed to the council house grounds at Glen Iris, Portage Falls, where an appropriate monument has been erected, on which is copied the inscription which was on the original grave stone, near Buffalo.

Mr. Letchworth has recently put out another edition of her life, beautifully bound and finely illustrated.

## The Old Trundle Bed.

Oh the old trundle bed where I slept when a boy!  
What canopied king might not covert the joy?  
The glory and peace of that slumber of mine,  
Like a long, gracious rest in the bosom divine:  
The quaint, homely couch, hidden close from the light,  
But daintily drawn from its hiding at night,  
Oh, a nest of delight, from the foot to the head,  
Was the queer little, dear little old trundle bed.

Oh the old trundle bed, where I wondering saw  
The stars through the window, and listened with awe  
To the sigh of the winds as they tremblingly crept  
Through the trees where the robins so restlessly slept:  
Where I heard the low murmurous chirp of the wren,  
And the katydid listlessly chirrup again,  
Till my fancies grew faint and were drowsily led  
Through the maze of the dreams of the old trundle bed.

Oh the old trundle bed, Oh the old trundle bed!  
With the plump little pillow and the old fashioned spread,  
Its snowy white sheets, and its blankets above,  
Smoothed down and tucked round with the touches of love.  
The voice of my mother to lull me to sleep  
With the old fairy stories my memories keep  
Still fresh as the lilies that bloom o'er the head,  
Once bowed o'er my own in the old trundle bed.

James Whitcomb Riley.

## The Old Log House.



Photo by E. P. Ay

To the minds of many this old log house, typical of the better class, last to be built, and longest to survive, is eminently suggestive.

The framed addition betokening prosperity is noticeable, and the well built chimney, doubtless succeeded the stick and mud affair so prevalent for many years. It stands on the farm of Mr. Geo. Amsden in Cuba, N. Y., and was built some seventy years ago.

Strange indeed is the medley of events of which this old house is the reminder. It suggests the spinning wheel, the loom, the tin oven and well sweep, and doubtless has been the scene of all the incidents, usual and unusual, to the "clearing up period" of a new country.



## The Ruined Hearth.



Hard by some aged apple tree,  
Or where the "live-forever" grows,  
A mound of earth and stones we see,  
Where once the settler's cabin rose.

A tangled clump of roses near,  
Still blooms in June, where long ago  
A root, the housewife planted here,  
A fragrant blessing to bestow.

## THE RUINED HEARTH.

Or lovely stands a lilac where,  
Beside the humble cabin door,  
Its Persian perfume filled the air,  
An oriental gift of yore.

Stern was the strife, and hard the lot,  
Of those who came these lands to clear,  
But woman sought to make the spot  
A little paradise of cheer.

Near by a spring, that welled from earth  
Its waters clear as Naiad's bath,  
The settler fixed his humble hearth,  
And joined them by a well worn path.

Long lost, as ties that friends unite  
Are severed by time's wasting hand;  
The fire place with its cheerful light,  
Is but a memory in the land.

Once, happy children played about  
This hearth now desolate, then warm,  
When fierce wild winter raged without,  
Their merry voices mocked the storm.

And youth in eager search for lore—  
(Few books stern poverty supplied)  
The well thumbed pages oft would pore,  
By fire light at the chimney side.

Here joy and grief, and love and hate—  
All passions of the human breast,  
Have joined to swell the sum of fate.  
Deep in the grave their victims rest.

Old Hearthstone! could the half be known  
Of all the secrets thou dost hold,  
E'en worthy of Rosetta stone,  
Would be the tale thou would'st unfold:

For thou, our country's cradle art,  
The altar of our social ties;  
Here beat the people's truest heart,  
Was found unselfish sacrifice:

Then let the grassy mound remain,  
All undisturbed in peace to lie,  
Leave it unharmed—a mute refrain,  
A memory of days gone by.

By E. Manley Wilson.

Note—The “mound of earth and stones” pictured above shows what a few years ago was left of the chimney stack of the cabin of Major Moses Van Campen, in McHenry Valley, Almond, N. Y. The photo from which the drawing was made was taken by Mr. LaFrone Merriman late of Hornellsville. The chimney was built in 1796.

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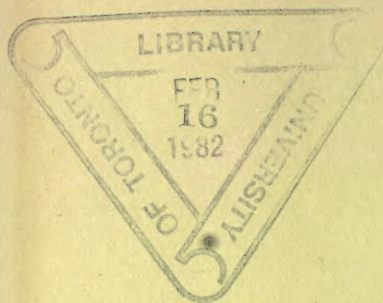
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